

DA  
690  
B77P2  
1877

Parker

Ancient History of Bridgwater  
and its Neighbourhood

A

0  
0  
0  
9  
9  
7  
9  
5  
1  
9



nia

1



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

THE ANCIENT  
*History of Bridgwater,*

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD;

ALSO POEMS CONNECTED THEREWITH,

BY

GEORGE PARKER.

---

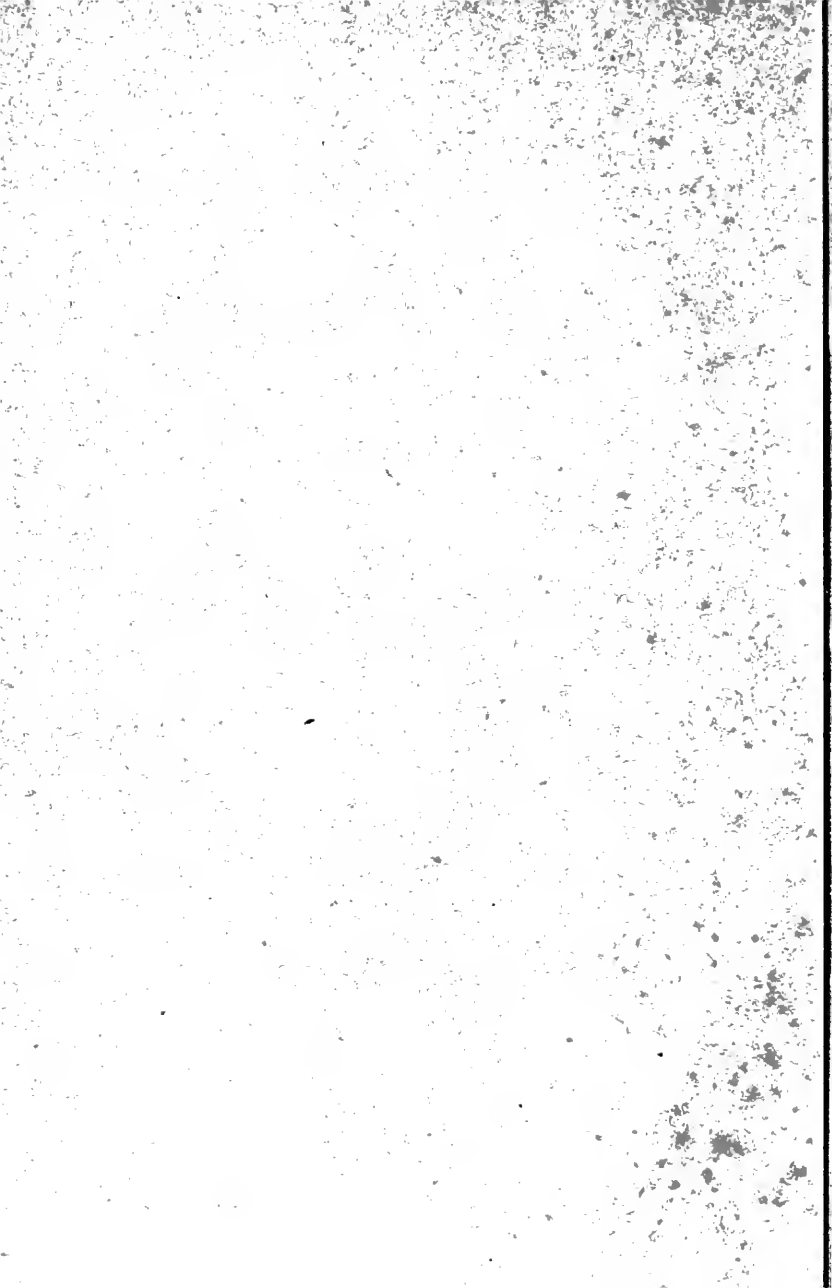
PRICE SIXPENCE.

---

PUBLISHED BY

E. T. PAGE, FORE STREET, BRIDGWATER.

*A superior Edition, with Photograph of St. Mary's Church price 1s.*



THE ANCIENT  
HISTORY OF BRIDGWATER

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD;

ALSO POEMS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

BY GEORGE PARKER.

BRIDGWATER :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY E. T. PAGE, FORE STREET.

---

1877.

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

PREFACE.

DA  
690  
B77 P2  
1877

[T affords pleasure to the Author of this book to find that although only a few months have passed since its publication, a Second Edition is required, as it seems a proof that it has been acceptable to the general public. Bridgwater and its neighbourhood the reader will find from an examination into its Ancient History, have been at certain periods peculiarly mixed up with the history of our country, indeed events have occurred which were turning points of great interest and importance. As efforts have been used to afford literary amusement and information, the Second Edition is launched in hope, that it may be borne on the tide of success.

HOPE.

There's Hope in the darkness, there's Hope in the light,  
There's Hope to the peaceful, there's Hope in the fight,  
There's Hope on the mountain, when whitened with flocks,  
There's Hope on the ocean, when waves dash the rocks,  
There's Hope in the mine, when deprived of Heaven's face.  
There's Hope when the aeronauts vanish in space,  
There's Hope for the sufferer whilst life blood still flows,  
There's Hope for the convict, degraded with woes,  
When no glimpse of light or of joy can be seen,  
When care upon care casts its shade on the scene.  
Bear up good Christian, be faithful and true,  
And Hopes out of number will wait upon you,  
It will change the deep shadows that darken your way,  
To the smiles and the blessings, and brightness of day.





## THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF BRIDGWATER.

---

OUR old town is situated in the heart of Somersetshire. The land around it is peculiarly rich and fertile; the population of the borough at the last census exceeded twelve thousand. It has a circuitous river,\* where the tidal wave flows twice in the day, sometimes rushing up with a head of six feet, and at spring tides rising often to the height of twenty feet. There is a sediment left on the banks of the river, which has long been a source of wealth to the merchants, and gives considerable employment to the labouring people. From this sediment bricks are manufactured, which when finished and dried off, are of a white colour. These bricks are called scouring-bricks: they have been improperly, by some, called Bath bricks, which can only be accounted for by their being something of the colour of Bath stone. They are only made at Bridgewater; they have been found useful for many manufacturing purposes, and are now largely exported. This peculiar clay can only be gathered within a mile of the town on either side; if beyond that distance, towards the sea, there is in the mixture too much sand, and if in the opposite direction too much clay.

There is a considerable depth of excellent clay in the lands around the town, from which are manufactured building bricks, tiles and other goods of very superior quality. This may be termed the staple trade. Still there are many other sources of trade; quantities of oak

---

\*Salmon caught in the river Parrett is highly prized for its excellent flavour; formerly when the lands bordering on the river were undrained, greater facility was given for the fish to spawn, and the river was not so disturbed by vessels as at present, consequently salmon was so abundant it was sold about 2d. per lb. It is recorded that in old indentures of apprenticeship a clause was inserted that the apprentice should not be obliged to eat salmon more than twice a week.

and elm timber grown in our neighbourhood are from time to time exported. There are floating-docks, where vessels of large size can discharge their cargoes, so that a considerable foreign, as well as coasting trade is carried on—the coal trade especially. There is a line of communication from the docks to the Bristol and Exeter Railway, giving great facility to trade transactions. The public buildings and shops are of a superior description. The general market-day is held on Wednesday; there is also a provision market on Saturday. Both in corn and cattle a large business is transacted. The houses that have been built within a few years in the south-east and west of the town are proofs of the general prosperity. At the mouth of the river Parret lies Burnham, about eight miles from Bridgwater. It is a watering place, fast improving, celebrated for its invigorating Atlantic breezes and splendid beach. It is now to be reached by rail, and when its health-giving powers are better known it will no doubt be more and more frequented. The land around Bridgwater is, as I have stated, very rich and fertile, especially the grazing land. There is one large space of ground, containing about one thousand acres, in a ring fence, formerly held by the Powlett family, now by Lord de Mauley, which is, I understand, let at from £5 to £6 per acre. It is called Pawlett Hams. This property once belonged to the celebrated John of Gaunt. He, it is said, bequeathed it by a will of a peculiarly quaint description. It ran thus:—

“I, John of Gaunt, do give and grant,  
From me and mine to thee and thine,  
All that portion of land,  
Known by the name of Pawlett Hams.”

Some of the heaviest Christmas oxen shown at the Smithfield market are grazed on these lands.

The farms in the neighbourhood, many of them very large, are held by wealthy agriculturists. There are also small farmers, holding very respectable positions;

indeed, the inhabitants of the town of Bridgwater are much blessed by a kind Providence in having such sources of supply around them.

Our neighbourhood is honoured by having been mixed up with the history of Alfred the Great. He laid the foundation of all England's power. Before his time the towns in England were scarcely worthy of the name.

In giving an account of the historical matters we must not omit one of the most important events of the kingdom, about the year 880, as upon its issue the liberty and happiness of its people rested. Alfred, or Ælfred, the Great King of England, was indebted to the protection afforded him by a herdsman and his wife in the Isle of Æthingley, now known as Athelney, which lies about seven miles from Bridgwater. Tradition says that when Alfred first came to Athelney he was set by the gude wife to watch a cake by the fire while she went to feed the pigs, and on her return he received a scolding for having neglected his charge. At length he made himself known, and built a fort for the security of himself and family and a few faithful servants who repaired thither to him. When he had been about a year in this retreat, having been informed that some of his subjects had attacked a great army of the Danes, killed their chief, and taken their magical standard, he issued letters giving notice where he was, and inviting the nobility to come and consult with him. Much importance was attached to the fact of the magical standard being taken, as the Danes were very superstitious. This banner, Sir Thomas Spelman says, had on it the image of a raven, magically wrought by the three sisters of Hinguar and Hubba, having been begun and finished in a single noontide, on purpose for their expedition, in revenge of their father's (Lodebrook's) murder. It was believed by the Danes to have been charmed with great fatality. It is pretended that being carried in battle, it would seem to clap its wings and

make as if it would fly when victory was imminent ; but on the approach of a mishap would hang down and not move. Before Alfred and his nobility came to a final determination as to their proceedings, he, putting on the habit of a harper, went into the enemy's camps, where, without suspicion, he was readily admitted, and had the honour to play before their princes. Having thus acquired great knowledge of their situation, he returned in secesy to the nobility at Athelney, whom he ordered to their respective homes, there to draw together each man as large a force as he could, and upon a day appointed, there was to be a great gathering at a point named. This affair was transacted so secretly and expeditiously that in a little time the king at the head of an army approached the Danes before they had the least intelligence of his design. Alfred, taking advantage of their surprise and terror, fell upon and totally defeated them at Æthendune, now Edington. Those who escaped fled to a neighbouring castle, where they were soon besieged and obliged to surrender at discretion. So decisive was the battle that the Danes delivered him hostages and covenants to depart out of his dominions, and that their king should be baptized, which was accomplished. King Alfred receiving their king, (Guthrum) at the font, named him Edelstane. Divers others of the Danish nobility, to the number of 30, came up at the same time and were baptized, on whom King Alfred bestowed many gifts. To speak in the praise of so noble a prince as Alfred requires much eloquence. It is said Guthrum was baptized in Aller Church, near Langport.

To the inquiry whence sprung the Somersetshire people, we shall find, from the history of the Saxon English settlement, that, as far as they are the old Holstein and Sleswick stock, they would have sprung from the West Saxons, who landed on the shores of Hampshire, under the leaders Cerdic and Cynic, in 495, and spread slowly

through Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset and Somerset and for some years, if not generations, stayed still at the rivers Parret, and Upper Axe, which were an understood boundary between the Saxon English and the British races. In Somersetshire men there is British blood, and it is supposed that at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, the first Christian church was erected.

The first historical notice of Bridgwater is from Domesday Book, made in the year of our Lord 1080, and completed in 1086, in the time of William the Conqueror. It is called "*Domus Dei*," the book being deposited in the King's Treasury. In the time of Edward the Confessor commissioners were sent into every county and shire to ascertain from the inhabitants, upon oath, the name of each manor and that of its owner, also by whom it was held; the number of hides (*a*), the quantity of wood, of pasture and of meadow land; how many ploughs were in demesne, and how many in the tenanted part of it; how many mills, and how many fish-ponds or fisheries belonged to it, with the value of the whole together in the time of Edward, as well as when granted by King William; and, at the time of this survey, also whether it was capable of improvement or being advanced in value. The return was to include the tenants of every degree, the quantity of land then and formerly held by each of them, the number of villeins (*b*) or slaves, and also the number and description of live stock. King Alfred had a roll which he called "*Domesday*" and which referred to the time of Ethelred. In Domesday Book Bridgwater is thus described:—"Walter Doway holds Brugie. Merle Swain, a Saxon thane, held it at the time of King

---

(*a*) A hide of land was the quantity ploughed with one plough, within a year. Some say 80, some 100 acres.

(*b*) Villeins, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile work, and belonging, both they and their children and effects to the lords of the soil.

Edward, and it was assessed at the Geld for five hides. The arable land was sufficient for ten ploughs—five bondmen (*c*), thirteen villeins, nine bordars (*d*), five cottagers (Cottarii) who have eight ploughs. There is a mill (the one now in Blake-street) which yields five shillings annually, and ten acres of meadow, one hundred acres of coppice wood, and thirty acres of pasture. When Walsein received it it was worth 100 shillings—now seven pounds. Walse had in demesne two hides of land and three ploughs, and the villein tenants three hides. Walsein had thirteen neat cattle, seven hogs and sixty-one sheep.” Walter Doway was a Norman knight, of a family which derived their surname from the town of Douai in France. Having attended the Conqueror to England he was rewarded with numerous manors in the counties of Devon, Dorset, Wiltshire and Surrey. His chief residence was Bampton, in Devonshire, which was the head of the barony. At his death he left issue one son—Robert, who took the surname of Bampton or Baunton. Having no male issue he left all his estates to Julian, his only daughter, who became the wife of William Paganel, a great baron of that time. William Paganel was the second son of Ralph Paganel Baron of Dudley, in the county of Stafford, son of Fulk Paganel, who came into England with William the Conqueror. In the 12th Henry II., upon the assessment for marrying the King’s daughter, he certified that he held fifteen knight’s fees of the old feoffment (*e*), and half a knight’s fee of the new feoffment by his wife, Julian de Bampton. He had one son—Fulk Paganel—

---

(*c*) Bondmen, who did fealty. They were to be true to their lord, under whom they held their land, performing services, such as thrashing, drawing water, cutting wood, &c.

(*d*) Bordars, or bordelode, a service required of tenants—that of carrying timber out of the woods of the lord to the house.

(*e*) Feoffment. From the verb Feoffare, “to give one a feud,” the gift or grant of any hereditaments to another,—feod or feud is defined to be a right.

who, in the 26 Henry II., paid a thousand marks for livery (*f*) of the honour of Bampton, his mother's inheritance. The Fulk Paganel having committed some great offence which obliged him to seek safety in flight, his lands were given to William Bandolph, but he conveyed the lordship of Bridgwater to William de Briwere. The baronial family of Briwere had large possessions in the counties of Devon and Somerset. Camden, in his "Britannia" says that in the reigns of Henry II., Richard I. and John, the family had the surname of Briwere because the father of William (presently mentioned) was born on a heath, Latin *Bruenum*. The family is for the first time mentioned in history in the 26 Henry II. William Briwere, the son of Henry above mentioned, in consideration of thirty-one marks of silver (whereof ten were acquitted for his service, and the rest paid in money), purchased of Hawise de Ilesham the inheritance of all the lands at Ilesham. This William was in great favour with King Richard I. and John. In the reign of the latter monarch the king confirmed him in the inheritance of Bridgwater, which he had obtained from Fulk Paganel with the knight's fees and the advowson of the Church. He also obtained license to enclose his woods and to have free warren throughout for hares, partridges and pheasants; and in the following year the king gave him license to build three castles—one in Devonshire, another at Bridgwater (*g*), and the third wherever he should think fit. The king also granted him at the same time an ample charter for his lordship of Bridgwater in the following words: "John, by the grace of God, &c.,—Know ye that we have given and granted, and by this present charter confirmed, to our beloved and faithful William de Briwere,

(*f*) Livery. Formerly great men gave liveries to several who were not of their families or servants to engage them in their quarrels. This was prohibited by statute Richard II. 1 Henry IV.

(*g*) Bridgwater Castle stood where the present King's Square is built. The ruins of its foundations were visible about 70 years since.

that Bridgwater shall be a free borough, and there shall be a free market and a fair every year for eight days, commencing on the day of the nativity of St. John, with toll, pastage, stallage, and all other liberties and free customs to a free borough, and to a market and fair belonging." The charter was witnessed by William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Chester, Earl of Salisbury, and William de Rupibus, steward of Anjou, &c., and dated "by the hand of St. Wellers, Archdeacon of Gloucester, at Truro, June 2nd of our reign." In the year of the King Henry III., 1216, William de Briwere, being made governor of the castle of Lidford, obtained a grant from the king of the lands of Maud de Chandos, and also the lands of Henry de Columbus, in Woolavington, and the Sheriff of Somerset was commanded to deliver him possession of those lands accordingly. In the eighth year of the same king he obtained the wardship of the heir of Reginald de Mohun, of Dunster, whom he afterwards married to one of his daughters. In the time of King Richard I. he founded the Abbey of St. Saviour's, at Torre, in the county of Devon, and in the 3rd John he began the foundation of the Abbey of Dunkeswell, in the same county for Cistercian monks. After that he founded the hospital of St. John (*h*)

---

(*h*) The site of St. John's Hospital was at the end of Eastover, and in digging for the foundation of a house near the present Queen's Head Inn some years ago was found a stone coffin. The following is a list of masters of St. John's Hospital;—Geoffrey de Mark, 1298; Henry de Stamford, 1312; John de Walchyn, 1334; Thomas de Baddicott, 1340; Thomas Pulton, 1422; Roger Cory, 1449; John Holford, 1457; Thomas Spencer, 1498; Robert Walsh, 1524.

The word hospital is from the Latin word *hospes*, *host*, a term of mutual relation applied both to a person who lodges and entertains another, and to the person being thus lodged. The duty of hospitality was so necessary in early ages that it was even enforced by statutes, and those who neglected the duty were liable to punishment.

It was the custom when any stranger called and asked for lodgings for the master of the house and the stranger to each of them set a foot on their own side of the threshold and swear they would neither of them do any harm to the other.



Bridgwater. He also built the Castle and the Haven at Bridgwater, and began the structure of the stone bridge there, consisting of three great arches, which was afterwards completed by Sir Thomas Trivett. Wm. Briwere, jun., after the example of his father, founded in the western part of the town a Priory of Minorites, or Grey Friars (called Grey from the colour of the dress they wore), which he dedicated to St. Francis, and endowed with lands. One of the Lords Bettereny and his wife were great benefactors to this house, and his heart and her body were buried in this chapel. It seems to have been built about A.D. 1230. Wm. Briwere, jun., died 1232. The site of this Priory was granted in the 35th Henry the 8th, 1543, to Emmanuel Lukar, a goodly dwelling being erected on the spot. The field now known by the name of the Friars is the site of the Priory in question. It has already been stated that in the reign of John, Briwere built Bridgwater Castle. Although ancient historians have spoken of castles as seats of oppression, at times their noble owners displayed great hospitality, and by the influence they possessed obtained for towns privileges from the Crown, which were most valuable, and increased their importance in a material degree. The Castle of Bridgwater having belonged to such powerful barons, and having been at length vested in the crown, was undoubtedly of much value to the town. Lord Dawbenny, to whom King Henry VII granted fee-farm rent out of the town of

---

It was this ceremony that raised so much horror against those who violated the right of hospitality, inasmuch as they were looked upon as perjured.

The Hospital of St. John, at Bridgwater, was no doubt a great blessing to poor pilgrims on their way to Glastonbury from Devon & Cornwall, and it seems the infirm and diseased were most kindly and amply provided for.

Those institutions although not necessary in our days, were known in early ages as seats of learning and sacred resting places for all who sought in seclusion that peace which the world denied them.

Bridgwater, and of lands late the property of the Lord Zouch and St. Maur, was descended from the noble family, D'Albini Brito, whose ancestor, Robert Toden, was one of the victorious chieftains that accompanied William Duke of Normandy into England, and afterwards seated himself at Belvoir Castle. The father of this Lord Dawbenny was Sir Wm. Dawbenny, Lord of the Manor of South Petherton, and he himself was a person of great influence with King Henry VII. In the 17 Edward IV., 1476, being then one of the esquires of the body of the king, he had, in consideration of his many services a grant for life of the custody of the King's Park, North Petherton, and in the 14th year. of the same reign was retained to serve the King in Normandy with four men-at-arms and fifty archers. On the accession of Richard to the throne, this Giles Dawbenny was one of those consulted by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII, on the "bringing in" of that prince. After the victory of Bosworth, when King Richard was slain and the crown placed on the head of his successful competitor, King Henry appointed him to be one of his chief councillors, also constable of the Castle of Bristol and Master of the Mint. He likewise advanced him to the dignity of a baron, by the title of Lord Dawbenny. In the 19th of Henry VII, 1503, he was made constable of the castle of Bridgwater, and four years afterwards departed this life, and was interred at St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster. By his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Arundel, of Llanherne, knight, he had issue, Henry, his only son and one daughter, Cecily. This son Henry, in the 6th of Henry VIII., 1514, had a special living of all the lands of which his father died possessed, and in the 30th of the same reign, 1539, was advanced to the title of Earl of Bridgwater. He married Catherine, daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, but dying without issue the title became extinct. From the perusal of the life of Lord Dawbenny, it is evident that the time in

which he lived was most unsettled and harassing, and that the noblest struggled for power and rank irrespective of the sufferings of those who raised them to their eminence. Upon the division of the estate of the family of Briwere, the castle and manor of Bridgwater fell to the eldest sister, Grecia, who was married to Reginald Braose, Lord of Brecknock. Reginald Braose died the 6th of Henry III, 1222, leaving issue by the said Grecia, William, his son and heir, who was afterwards assassinated by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. His eldest daughter, Maude, married Roger de Mortimer, to whom the castle of Bridgwater fell. One of the Mortimers became at length Earl of March, the last of whom married Ann, the daughter of Edward, Earl of Stafford, and departed this life on the 19th January, 1424, being then about 24 years of age. He died without issue, whereupon Richard, Duke of York, was, by an inquisition, found to be next of kin, the lands of the Earl of March, (says Sir Wm. Dugdale) were in the counties of England and Wales, and were many and great, among them the castle and the third part of the borough of Bridgwater, with the manors of Haygrove and North Petherton. The Duke of York married Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, in 1460, leaving issue Edward IV., who inherited his estates. The castle and the third part of the manor of Bridgwater, with other lands, thus became vested in the Crown. It was at subsequent periods held by the Queen's Consort of England and in this right they had a share in the patronage of the Hospital of St. John, which in 1524, was divided into three parts, one of which belonged to Catherine, Queen of England, and the two other parts to Henry, Lord de Dawbenny. King Charles, by letters patent, bearing date 11th of July, in the second year of this reign, 1625, granted to Sir William Whitmore, and George Whitmore, Esq., and their heirs, the manor and castle of Bridgwater. The Whitmores sold the manor of Bridgwater Castle and manor of Haygrove, &c.

to Henry Harvey, Esq., of Bridgwater, who had issue two sons, Henry and John. The elder of these two inherited the estate, but having no issue gave it by will, dated 1669, to his uncle John in 1790. The head of the family was Robert Harvey, M.D. sometime Fellow of Sydney College, Cambridge. The castle was leased out by Henry Harvey to Edward Wyndham, the King's governor, 1645, being two years before the siege thereof by the Parliamentary army under Sir Thomas Fairfax.

In order to understand the nature of the proceedings in this part of Somersetshire in the year 1645 between the Royal and Parliamentary armies, the former commanded by Lord Goring, the latter by Sir Thomas Fairfax, it will be necessary to allude to the operations which preceded the battle of Langport, more particularly as the victory gained at that place by the Parliamentary army led to the siege and storming of Bridgwater. Lord Clarendon in his history of the rebellion, and Sprugge in his history of the actions and successes of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, together with papers published by Parliament, are the principal authorities for the relation. About the beginning of July, according to Lord Clarendon, Sir Thomas Fairfax entered Somersetshire, which county (with the exception of Taunton, which was defended by Blake of Bridgwater) was then altogether in the power of the King. Lord Goring, who commanded the Royal army, had found it convenient to draw his forces from the siege of Taunton, and he appeared to advance against Sir Thomas Fairfax, as if he intended to give him battle. Lord Goring posted his army between the rivers about Langport very advantageously for the defence, having a body of horse and foot but little inferior in number to the Parliamentary army, although, by great negligence, he had allowed his foot soldiers to moulder away before Taunton for want of provisions, whilst his horsemen enjoyed plenty even to excess. He had been in the vicinity of Lang-

port but a very few days when the Parliamentary forces, at noonday, surprised a detachment of more than 1,000 horse, commanded by General Porter. Although they were in a valley, and could have discerned the enemy coming down the hill at the distance of half a mile at least Fairfax's troops were upon them before the dragoons could mount their horses, which were grazing in an adjoining field. They were entirely routed, and many of them taken prisoners. The next day, notwithstanding all advantages of passes and positions, another party of Sir Thomas Fairfax's cavalry attacked the whole of the Royal army, routed it, and took two pieces of cannon, and pursued Lord Goring's soldiers through Langport, a town which (says the historian) if it had been well arranged, and the people not oppressed, would have sheltered him and resisted the enemy, and drove them to the walls of Bridgwater, to which place his lordship retired in great disorder. He rested there that night, leaving to the garrison of Bridgwater the cannon, ammunition and carriages, and as many soldiers as the Government desired. The next day Lord Goring retired into Devonshire, after a disaster which was no less than the defeat of the whole Royal army. His lordship retired to Barnstaple, and quartered his army over the whole north of Devon. The following is the copy of a communication containing extracts from a diary kept in 1645, and addressed by Sir Thomas Fairfax to the Parliament, giving details of the events referred to:—

“An account I gave you in my last of our affairs till yesterday. I left Goring, (the Royalist General) with his whole army at Langport. Yesterday we advanced to Long Sutton, drawing out that part of the army which we had into Sutton field. The rest, being from 400 to 500 horse and dragoons at the least, under the command of Major-General Massey, were on the other side of the river, and those eight regiments of foot which we had at Naseby Field, were also quartered at Martock. Mas-

sey advanced with his horse and dragoons, having foot to back them, to North Curry, being ordered to straiten the enemy's quarters and to hinder them from any plundering exercise. It seems five hundred of them, being upon some design out of place, and having no intelligence of General Massey's movements, were surprised. Being in a careless position, he fell on them, the result being nine colours, 200 prisoners and about 250 horse, about 30 being slain. We, in the meantime were drawn up within a mile of Langport, with those horse and foot the General had with him. Not knowing of his engagement, and there being three rivers between him and us, and the way almost twelve miles' march, the last night we quartered at Sutton, and this morning by three o'clock drew into Sutton Field, having with us but four regiments of horse—namely. General Cromwell's, Whalley's, Richard Fleetwood's and Butler's, which were not in all 2,000 horse. Of foot, we had all but the musqueteers of three regiments. Early in the morning the enemy appeared in the field, and about seven o'clock they had made themselves masters of a pass which lay in the midst between us and them, with at least 2,000 musqueteers; so that the passage to them was extremely dangerous, being so straight that four horses could hardly pass abreast, and that up to their bellies in water—they lying so in the flanks and fronts to receive us. In that posture they stood till near 11 o'clock, having, in the interim, sent away most of their train and baggage, led horses and other lumber to Bridgwater, being resolved to make good their retreat thither. We understanding their intentions by some scouts and other countrymen, resolved to charge them, and accordingly drew down a commanded party of musqueteers to beat them from the hedges, which was done in gallant style advancing at the same time with two regiments of horse into the lane. All that we could draw up in front was but a single troop, and that commanded by Bethell. The enemy, standing ready with two bodies of horse of

about 1,000 to charge him, he, with a single troop, broke two of their divisions of about 400; received the charge of the third division both in front and flank, was somewhat overborne at last, and forced to retire to the General's regiment which was about 100 yards behind Desborough. The General's troop sheltered himself, and with about 200 horse of the General's regiment dispossessed the enemy and set them all a running; gained freedom by it for all our horse and foot to draw into bodies, the enemy not being able to endure another charge. The General, Lieutenant-General and some officers upon the hill, beholding the gallant charges, commended it for the most excellent piece of service that ever was in England. We had them in chase almost to Bridgwater, having put them to the cleanest rout that ever any enemy was put to. What the number of the slain may be I cannot tell you, being just come from the chase. The prisoners come in already are 900, and I conceive there will come in as many as will make 2,000 and 1,200 horse at the least. For colours I am uncertain—I dare say at 40. The arms about 4,000; two pieces of ordnance I saw and divers carriages of ammunition, and to make it a complete victory we pursued the enemy through Langport, having gained the garrison, and though they fired the town just at the bridge, yet we followed the victory through the fire. The success of that victory, (next to God) must be ascribed unto the good management of the General, and to Cromwell following the chase through Langport, where he himself passed through, the fire flaming both sides of him. The enemy cried out that they were now utterly undone, and that the King must go into Ireland. The victory was opportune, in regard had they stayed but three days longer Goring would have had reinforcements of six thousand horse and foot from Grenville and the King, they being transporting their forces as fast as can be to Minehead, Watchet, and Uphill, there being 1,500 that

landed at Uphill, which came to Bridgwater yesterday. Sir, this is all at present, from your affectionate, humble servant,

“FAIRFAX.

“Langport, July 10, 7 o'clock.”

The scout brought, by way of postscript for further satisfaction, the following:—“The fight was very hot, and lasted about two hours. About three o'clock Goring himself was got to Bridgwater, Prince Charles being gone from thence before, and Lord Hopton with him, to Barnstaple, with three troops of horse, to raise what forces they could in those parts to join with those that were to come from Grenville. Rupert was gone to the King before. Sir John Berkely was drawn off, for some discontent or other, towards Exeter, but, it is believed, is returning with Grenville. The cavaliers seem to be very sorrowful for their losses, including 300 slain and left dead on the place; divers officers carried dead and some wounded into Bridgwater. The prisoners, numbering two thousand, included the following:—Six colonels, some of whom are notorious incendiaries; fourteen lieutenants, colonels and majors; 100 captains and other officers of note. There were also captured 1,200 horse, forty colours of horse and foot, 4,000 arms, pistols, carbines, firelocks, muskets, pikes and two pieces of ordnance, six cartloads of ammunition, powder, match, and all their bag and baggage which they left on the field.”

The next day, July 11, Fairfax's army was as I have stated, drawn up on Weston Moor, near Penzoy Pound.—July 12. Fairfax reconnoitred the situation of Bridgwater, and found a regular fortification with a ditch around thirty feet wide, filled with water at every tide, and the garrison consisting of 1,800 soldiers—a castle of strength within it—and forty pieces of cannon mounted on the walls besides a large quantity of ammunition. The inhabitants of



Bridgwater held stoutly for the King, and they wanted not for courage, which was soon to be put to the test:—  
“26th July, 1645. The general and lieutenant-general and some other officers went in the afternoon to view the works, from thence they were saluted by a cannon shot by the famous Lady Wyndham, who bid the trumpeter tell the general she could do no less, and if he was a courtier he would do the like. On Sunday, rested at Chedzoy, the head-quarters, glad that our business gave us liberty for a religious rest, which of late we have been very happy in observing. In the afternoon came to us Colonel O'Rey, who with his dragoons and the assistance of some foot, took, in Borough Church, 150 prisoners, who rendered up themselves with their arms and what they had. The governor's name was Greenham. The general caused it to be possessed by a party of foot till further orders be taken. On Monday we began to think of the necessity of moving, and also the great importance of taking the town of Bridgwater, if possible, which we find strongly fortified in regard of the advantage of the water drawn about it, and many ordnance in it, Goring having left them all his. A storm was thought of, and provision made accordingly, but the thing being of great importance our officers, being very tender of the honour of the army and the lives of their men, thought fit to defer it till more certain information might be had of the works and trenches, and full preparation made. Therefore, when they were almost ready to fall on, they were drawn off Monday night late, and returned to their quarters. This evening, through the great goodness of God, the general and lieutenant-general\* escaped a very great danger by water, passing the river in a boat which was within two minutes of being overturned by the violence of the tide called the “Eager” coming upon them. On Tuesday morning Colonel Massey came near our quarters at Chedzoy, where a council of war was called concerning the town of Bridgwater, and which resolved that we should go on

\*(Oliver Cromwell).

in making all preparations which, if they proved good, and our intelligence crossed not the hopes of prevailing by storm, it was suddenly to be attempted, otherwise to be blocked up. We have these two days taken some vessels coming to and going from Bridgwater, laden with malt, oats, &c. Six vessels have been taken by us in all since coming hither. On Wednesday and Thursday preparations were diligently made for an attempt upon the town; but finding the ditch around the works filled with water, being six yards wide, and the town well furnished with men—the inhabitants inclined to Royalty, and having the example of so much wariness given us by other armies—it is thought it will not be expedient to put it to such a hazard, but rather, since there is some probability of starving it in a little time, to spend some patience upon it, considering it a town of great importance to the welfare of the West, and without considering that the blocking up of this town will not be a total impediment to other kind of action, as we hope next week to demonstrate. This day, being Saturday, a party of horse is sent towards London to meet and bring up recruits, and the general and the rest of the officers are in the field near the town, settling quarters to block up the town to the very works, or taking some quicker resolution that the army may be likely to be disposed to make as may be best for the service of the kingdom.

“FAIRFAX.

“Dated from Chedzoy, near Bridgwater, July, 1645.”

At length Lieutenant-General Hammond caused eight bridges, about forty feet long, to be prepared, and these were of great use in storming the town of Bridgwater, which took place after considerable consultation. Gen. Massey was to make an attack on the Hamp side, with the regiments of Colonel Wilden, Colonel Fortescue, Colonel Herbert and the Major-General's own regiment. On St. John's and Castle Field side was posted General Cromwell's regiment, with Sir Hardness Wallers,

Colonel Pride and Colonel Rainsborough. The General forded the river, and rode around the town to see if all was ready, that both sides might fall on together. The Castle wall on the north side was very high and the moat deep, and between North Gate and West Gate was a battery (a part of the wall of this battery can be now seen) on the off side of the moat, which hindered all approach that way. On Sunday, Mr. Peters preached an encouraging sermon in the forenoon, and Mr. Bowles another in the afternoon. The eminent Mr. Baxter, who was present at the great action, was not wanting in the discharge of his duty. After the sermons the drums beat to arms, and the army was drawn up in the fields about Horsey and Bower. The commanders of "the forlorn hope" and the soldiers were fresh exhorted to do their duty by Mr. Peters, who behaved that day with energy. As soon as it grew dark the soldiers drew towards the several posts allotted them to storm. The signal of attack was to be the shooting off three pieces of ordnance, which the forces on the Hamp side were to take notice of, and to attack on the instant. Before the action Sir Thomas Fairfax sent a summons to the governor and townspeople to surrender, but Wyndham, like the rest of the cavaliers, did not want for words of defiance, and returned a scornful answer. While Massey's troops kept alarming the enemy on the south side of the town, Lieutenant-Colonel Hewson led the forlorn hope at the east end, and was valiantly seconded by the general's own regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, and Lieutenant-General Cromwell's regiment, commanded by Colonel Ashfield. The bridges prepared by Colonel Hammond were quickly brought to the ditch of Castle Field, and thrown over. On these the soldiers passed with little loss, and with undaunted courage mounted the works the enemy had raised, beat them from their ordnance, and turned the latter on the town. While Captain Reynolds, of Cromwell's regiment of horse, drove the cavaliers from the

drawbridge at St. John's a passage was made to East Gate which was forced open. Reynolds entering Eastover with his horse, scoured the streets of that part of the town up to the stone bridge over the river, upon which the officers and soldiers, to the number of 600, who had made resistance in Eastover, threw down their arms and cried "Quarter, quarter." There was at that time a gate on the bridge, where the enemy instantly made barricades and drew up a drawbridge. The Parliamentary forces had not been two hours in Eastover, before the King's forces shot grenades and slugs of hot iron, which fired the street on both sides. The next morning it was burnt to the ground, with the exception of three or four houses. It consisted of goodly dwellings. Major Cowell and Colonel Harley's regiment stood in the midst whilst it was in flames on both sides, and kept guard to prevent the enemies sallying. General Fairfax, hoping the storm might have so wrought upon the soldiers and the fire on the townsmen that they would have hearkened to a treaty, renewed his summons, which the governor peremptorily refused, as if it was his intent that so fair a town should be destroyed, for he knew he could, at the worst, but be a prisoner of war. There was no hope of his being relieved, and the resistance the Royalists made had more phrensy in it than courage. When they saw Eastover in a blaze they rang the bells and set fire themselves to many houses in Silver-street, Friarn Street and the Pig-cross, which showed the effects of it for many years after. On Tuesday (the next day) General Fairfax resolved to alarm the town on the east side, while General Massey stormed it on the south. That resolution was, however, changed to an alarm on both sides, at which the enemy was much amazed, and abandoned their line on the south and west part of the town. About two o'clock that day the general sent a trumpet to the governor, with a message to the purport that his denial on fair terms had brought him no other thoughts but of compassion to-

wards those who were innocent, and who otherwise might suffer through the governor's obstinacy; wherefore he signified that all women and children that would might come forth of the town by four o'clock. This being made known to Colonel Wyndham's lady, she came out, as did also Lady Hawley, Mrs. War, and several other ladies. They had no sooner left it than the cannon played fiercely on the town. Grenades were shot, and St. Mary-street and High-street were set on fire. The wind being high increased the flames, and the townsmen began, every man, to save his goods. Wyndham, amidst this distraction, sent Tom Elliott, as he was then generally called, one of the King's favourites, to desire terms, but the general would only grant the soldiers their lives, and the inhabitants their freedom and liberty from plunder. The gentlemen were to be disposed of as the Government may appoint. This, the governor said, the gentlemen would not consent to. Elliot, fearing the army would follow, prayed the general to forbear until he went once more to Wyndham, from whom he presently brought back an answer of submission. Hostages came out to the general for the performance of the governor's agreement, consisting of Sir John Heal, Sir Hugh Wyndham, Mr. Walrond, Mr. War, Mr. Sydenham, and Mr. Speke, and the town was the next day surrendered to the Parliamentary army. There was left therein for the Parliament 40 pieces of ordnance, 4000 weight of metal and powder in proportion, victuals for 2,000 soldiers for four months, 1,700 prisoners, amongst whom were some priests and gentlemen, and treasure, in plate and jewels, said to be worth £100,000. An express was immediately despatched to Parliament, with advice of the surrender of Bridgwater, and twenty pounds were awarded the messenger. In a few days Mr. Peters gave the Parliament a more particular account, for which he received £100, and the House gave thanks to Sir Thomas Fairfax for reducing it. Colonel Birch was made gov-

error. The reason for so great an amount of treasure being found was that the cavalier gentry had, from all the adjacent parts, sent in thither their jewels, plate, &c., and their best household furniture, Colonel Wyndham, having assured the King that it could not be taken. A large quantity of plate and rich hangings were carried thence to London, and there sold to raise the bounty money for Fairfax's soldiers, who were at the storm, which was regarded as the most furious of any in the war, and the prize of the victors as valuable. The town is stated to have been at that time about four miles in circumference, and, for its size, to have been able to boast of houses as well built as any in the West of England. The account of the siege bears direct testimony to the courage with which the town was defended, and to the firmness and loyalty of the inhabitants. In four or five different places the fire blazed whilst the cannon shots rattled their forcible summons to surrender; and, driven by extremity, the governor submitted in order to prevent the savage massacre of the inhabitants by the excited soldiery of the Parliamentary army. Wyndham seems to have been a man of most heroic courage, and was only prevailed on at last to yield by the urgent entreaties of those around him.

In reference to the events already recorded, the celebrated Admiral Blake must not be omitted. He was born and educated at Bridgwater, where at that time there was a Grammar School. He afterwards went to Oxford, where he took honours. He was returned as member for Bridgwater in 1640, and by principle was a Puritan, and next to Cromwell was the ablest general they had; but when the King was brought to trial he disapproved of it, and was frequently heard to say it was an illegal measure, and that he would risk his life to save the King as readily as he had to serve the Parliament. When he had the command of the fleet, and any of the officers spoke of the Government, he said to them,

“Leave politics for home; what we have to do is to keep foreigners from fooling us.” He was the first to infuse amongst our sailors that degree of courage for which they have been pre-eminent. He was disinterested, generous, liberal, and of undaunted courage, which was testified by his deeds recorded in history. His father was a merchant, and some remnants of his house may still be seen in Blake-street. I have already noticed one of the remarkable persons whose subsequent power depended in great measure on his success in the siege of Bridgwater. We now come to another equally eminent in history—the Duke of Monmouth—who also aimed at the throne of England, and whose fate seemingly, depended on the success of a battle fought near Bridgwater—the battle of Sedgemoor,—in 1685. The Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme, and was joyfully received by the people as he journeyed towards Taunton. He became more and more popular, and armed men joined him ready to sacrifice their lives in his cause. His reception at Taunton was most enthusiastic, and when he arrived at Bridgwater he was led by the Mayor (Alexander Popham, Esq.) and Corporation to the high cross, which then stood in the centre of the town, and was there proclaimed king amid the thundering plaudits of the people. His troops were very numerous, most devoted to him personally and to his cause, but badly armed, and with little or no military discipline. They encamped in a large field near the town, called Castle Field. A Bridgwater man who kept his cattle near Westonzoyland brought word to the duke as to the position of the King’s army. He said they were distributed at Westonzoyland, Middlezoy, and Othery. The duke and Lord Grey went on St. Mary’s Tower, and by the help of a telescope could discern many of the troops. The King’s army consisted of about 4000 men, and was commanded by Earl Feversham and Lord Churchill, who afterwards became the Duke of Marlborough. Monmouth called a council of war, and it was deter-

mined they should march off in the night, and so surprise the enemy, the duke observing that no more could be done but to lock up the stable door and seize the troopers in their beds. Oldmixon, who himself was a native of the town, and whose tombstone is now to be seen in St. Mary's Churchyard, states that he saw the duke and his army leave on Friday night, July 3rd, without even beat of drum, and the strictest orders were given to observe silence as much as possible. They took as their guide a man named Benjamin Newton, who thoroughly understood the path through Bradney-lane. All went well till they arrived in Sedgemoor, when unfortunately, Newton became bewildered, not being equal to the strange and responsible position he was placed in. Although he thought he could find the ford out almost blindfolded, he led the army above it, and whilst some confusion followed a shot was fired by an officer who, it was supposed, was a traitor to the cause (said to be Captain Hucker, of Taunton). The noise alarmed the King's troops. Dunbarton's regiment aroused and put themselves in order. Had the well devised plan of the duke succeeded, his forces would have marched directly into the enemy's tents, and as the soldiers had such a dread of the scythemen, the terror of the weapon, together with the darkness of the night, would have caused utter confusion in their ranks. But, as it was, immediately a special messenger was sent to summon the Earl of Feversham, who was in bed at Westonzoyland. He soon arrived, and at about one o'clock in the morning the fight commenced. The battle was an obstinate one. At first it went in favour of the duke's forces. After some time they wanted ammunition, which they called earnestly for. It was proved after the battle that the men in charge of the waggons loaded with the ammunition, although zealous in the cause, were induced not to proceed from an alarm being given that the battle was lost. The drivers thereupon turned their horses, and the want of this ammunition was said to be the



principal circumstance causing the loss of the battle. Still they fought with desperation, and the stout scythenmen dashed into the thickest of the fight. At length Monmouth, finding that the ammunition did not arrive, fled with Grey and the horse. The foot soldiers followed; the King's horse following them, killed more than had been slain in the battle. Oldmixon, who was particular in his account of the battle, says he was upon the spot before the dead were buried, and he observed the slain to be more on the King's side than on the duke's, as they were pointed out to him by the person who took him to the moor. Thus ended the famous battle of Sedgemoor, which, of course, at that time caused much excitement at Bridgwater. It ultimately led to the arrival in Somersetshire of the famous Judge Jefferies, whose name will ever be odious in the West of England. He was termed, "a murderer in the robes of a Lord Chief Justice," and it is also said that he trampled upon the laws by his cruelties and severities. After his barbarous expedition he was heard to boast, with a brutal pleasure, that he had caused to be hung more than all the judges of England since the time of William the Conqueror. So infamous had his name become that years after these transactions his granddaughter, in travelling through the county of Somerset, being recognised as his descendant, her carriage was surrounded, and but for prompt assistance being rendered to her she would have been murdered by the populace. No fewer than eighty were executed by his orders at Dorchester; and at Exeter, Taunton and Bridgwater about 250 were computed to have fallen by the hands of justice, as it was then called. When at Bridgwater he lodged at a house on the Cornhill, where the gibbets were erected, and there witnessed the executions. The names of the sufferers recorded were Robert Francis, Richard Harris, Josiah Bellamy, Nicholas Stodgell, Richard Engram, John Trott, William Moggeridge, Robert Guppy, John Hurman, Josiah Davis, Robert Roper and

E. Roger Hoar, the last-named being reprieved under the gallows. One circumstance of some interest is told of a man who was taken prisoner at Shapwick. His name was Swaine, and he was reported as one of the most active men in the country. After he was taken prisoner he consented to go quietly with his captors to Bridgwater, there to be tried, if he was allowed to take three leaps. The soldiers, being anxious to see his agility, granted it. They were in a field near Locksley Wood. He leaped towards the wood, each leap being ten feet, and darted into the wood, and after all their efforts they could not find him again. He was more fortunate than another poor man of Westonzoyland, who was also remarkable for his swiftness of foot. He was prevailed upon on a condition of being pardoned to entertain the general with an instance of his agility. Accordingly having stripped himself naked, a halter was put round his neck, and the opposite end of it was fastened to the neck of a horse. They started at Bussex Rhine, and ran from thence to Brintsfield-bridge, a distance somewhat exceeding half a mile, and though the horse went at full speed the man kept pace the whole way. Notwithstanding this exertion (it is said) he was afterwards hung with the rest.



#### PLACES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

There are marks of antiquity and interest in the neighbourhood of Bridgwater, and the following has been gathered from ancient records and old authors:—The village of Cannington was once the abode of Cangii, a tribe of ancient Britons. There are evidences of rude fortifications in Cannington Park. Tradition tells us that the legions of Rome passed this way at the time of the invasion of this country, in the reign of Emperor Claudius. At Steart a few miles from Bridgwater was dis-

covered what was once a British barrow (i). Combwich has the traditional honour of being the landing place of Joseph of Arimathea, who first preached the gospel at Glastonbury (j). Stogursey was the seat of De Courcey, a Norman knight, to whom Cannington was awarded for his services to William the Conqueror. Cannington was also the birthplace of the fair Rosamond Clifford. Blackmore, near Cannington, was once the residence of a religious order. It is well known that Cardinal Wolsey once lived a short time at Gothelney. The dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. led to the establishment of convents, including the one at Cannington. Chilton Trinity lies about a mile from Bridgwater, and in old records is called "Chilton Trinitatis," on account of the dedication of its church. Sir John de Chilton and Sir Thomas de Chilton held it after the Conquest. From Pawlett the Poulett family take their name. In the time of William the Conqueror it was possessed by Walter de Dowai, Lord of Bridgwater and Huntspill, and other manors in the neighbourhood.

---

(i) British barrow, an artificial hillock or mound, generally known by the name of Cairns, and intended as a repository for the dead.

(j) In confirmation of Joseph of Arimathea landing at Combwich, we have the following curious old legend of Poetry :—

"The good Saint Arimathean Joseph, borne by the Parret's tide  
To Combwich, o'er the Mendips ; at length, he came to Glaston's Hide,  
'Here I'll build a wattle church'—he planted a christian staff,  
'Twas Xmas now—at Xmas time, the staff with blossoms laugh ;  
A miracle—a miracle—a miracle it turned to be  
That christian churches from that time, should cover the whole country  
This staff was a thorn brought from the Holy Land—'tis known,  
The Christian Churches throughout England—from its branches they  
[have grown.]"

The Legend states that Joseph's Staff had been cut from a thorn tree in the Holy Land, and when stuck into the ground took root and flourished, and in proof of its origin, it blossomed miraculously at Xmas ever after. Even as late as James the Second's time, the blossoms were esteemed such curiosities by people of all nations, that Bristol Merchants made a traffic of them and exported them to foreign parts.

From Walter de Dowai this land descended to the Paganel, Fitzhardinges, Gaunts and Gournays. On the south side of Pawlett is Walpole, formerly spelt Wallpolle, also lands of Walter de Dowai. Respecting the parish of Wembdon, it is recorded that Walter de Dowai held the church of "Wimedone," and that a Thane held it at the time of King Edward. The parish, it is stated, was "gelded for three hides. The arable land is four carucates, two servants and seven cottages, with one plough." A.D. 1284, the Church of St. George at Wembdon, was appropriated by Robert Barnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the Hospital of St. John the Baptist at Bridgwater. Within the bounds and limits of the parish church of Wembdon there was a certain well called "St. John's Well," to which an immense concourse of people resorted and made oblations to the honour of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. John the Baptist, and many who had for years laboured under various bodily diseases, and found no benefit from physic and physicians, were, by the use of the waters, stated to have been restored to their pristine health. The said bishop issued a mandate to Master Hurst, Canon of Wells, his Commissary-General, and Thomas Overay, LL.B., to make enquiry into the particulars of this miraculous spring, and to report the Christian and surnames of the persons who had been cured by these waters. What was the effect of this mandate does not appear. Fountains were certainly in the early ages superstitiously frequented and diverted into a pecuniary current.<sup>1</sup> A chantry was founded in the church at Wembdon, by Matthias, son of Robert de Courcey, 19th Edward II. In the forty-fourth year Edward III. John Horsey was lord of the manor of East and West Bower. The family of Godwyn were long lords of Bower, and gave it the name of Godwyn's Bower. It is said Lady Jane Seymour was born at West Bower. Opposite Horsey-lane, on the way to Knowle, there stood in a field an elm tree, and

when one died from age another was planted in its stead, to record the spot where the country people met the inhabitants of Bridgwater at the time of the great plague in 1665, to hold a market. When a boy this elm was pointed out to me. It was then called "Watch Elm." Enmore is a small parish situated on a rising ground four miles west of Bridgwater, having the noble ridge of Quantock Hills three miles west of it. At the time of William the Conqueror it belonged to Roger de Curcelle, eldest son of Wandril de Leon, of a noble family in Normandy. The Malets were benefactors to the Abbey of Glastonbury. Sir William Malet, knight, was possessed of Enmore at the time of Richard I. Enmore Castle, which is now destroyed, was built by the Earl of Egmont. It was a noble building, standing on a gently-rising hill, and in the remembrance of many now living. It was a large quadrangular embattled pile, built of a reddish dark coloured stone, surrounded by a dry fosse forty feet wide and sixteen deep.

The ancient ville and mansion of Sydenham belonged to several branches of the Worth family, which flourished in the county upwards of 500 years. This place was formerly called Sideham, in regard to its situation on the side of the river Parret, being possessed in the days of Edward the Confessor by one Cheping, a Saxon, and in the time of William I. by Roger Arundel. Thomas Percival, in the time of Henry VIII., rebuilt the manor house of Sydenham, in which estate he was succeeded by David Percival, his son and heir. This David married Alice, the daughter of Thomas Bythemore, of Nailsea. He removed from thence to Sydenham.

The parish of Goathurst lies about three miles west of Bridgwater. In the Norman survey the name appears, and it is obviously compounded of Saxon words meaning a goat and a wood, the village having large woods, and

at that time those animals were found there. Collinson says it was written "Gahers." The French transcribers called it "Gathurst." Halswell, was the residence of a family of that name for several centuries. Jane the daughter of Hugh Halswell, son of Sir Nicholas Halswell married John Tynte, of Chedzoy, Esq., progenitor of Sir Kemeys Tynte, Bart. The mansion at Halswell was rebuilt 1689, by Sir Halswell Tynte, Bart. who was advanced to that dignity in 26th Charles II. This seat has received rich gifts from Nature and Art ; the temple dedicated to Robin Hood commands a very extensive and really magnificent view, and it is indeed, difficult to describe the varied beauties of Halswell Park and the adjoining woods.

The family of Stawel had been seated at Stawel, and at Cothelstone, in this county, from the former of which places they derive their name ever since the Conquest. One of the family married Lady Alice Pawlet, eldest daughter of William the first Marquis of Winchester. Sir John Stawel was one of the Knights that defended Bridgwater at the time of the siege.

WESTONZOYLAND. Five miles south-east from Bridgwater, upon the Moor of this village, is a spot called Penzoy Pound, where General Fairfax the day after the battle of Langport, July 10th, 1645, drew up his whole army, and in the same spot in 1685, the Duke of Monmouth fought the battle of Sedgemoor, with his disorderly troops. 500 of his men were taken prisoners, in the field of battle, and they were confined in the parish church, where many of them died of their wounds. Of the King's party, five soldiers that were slain were buried in the church, and eleven in the churchyard.

In the time of Henry VIII., the following certificate was made of the state of this manor of Weston, "the Rentes of assize of Freeholders, and customary

tenants belonging to the sayd Lordship, payable at at the feastes aforesaid, of the yearly value of £94 3s. 7½d., there are able men inhabitants, within the precinct of the said Lordship being in redynes to serve the King, whenever they shall be called upon to the nombre of 50."

The towers of Westonzoyland and North Petherton churches are of peculiar beauty, "indeed" Freeman says "the village Towers of Somersetshire; are considered to maintain their supremacy over all others in the country, it is much enhanced by their picturesque surroundings."

**HAMP.** In this village A. D. 794, ten cassates of land were given to Brithria, King of the West Saxons.

**DUNWEAR,** 17th Edward II., Joachino De Bradney held 25 acres of arable land. There was a family of the name of Dunwear, who held land here in the time of Henry II., and Richard I.

**HORSEY.** In the time of Wm. the Conqueror, it belonged to the Lord of Bridgwater, and was held by him from Radamera, a Saxon. There was a Sir John Horsey who once possessed the land.

**BICKNOLLER.** A picturesque village, lying under the south-west slopes of the Quantocks, was one of the manors of the Cathedral of Wells. Its name is supposed to have been derived from the ancient British words Bychan Small Aboar—a Treasury. Collinson says that Roman coins have been discovered here in great abundance, and it has been conjectured that the Romans in this spot had one of the smaller depositories of their money, which they dispensed to the army stationed in different parts of the country.

In reading 'Somersetshire past and present,' in the London Quarterly Review, I met with the following :—

SOMERSET COURT IN THE PARISH OF SOUTH BRENT. Some years ago when repairing the roof a roll of papers was found containing copies of Bills sent up to Parliament, for requisitions made by the troops during the Civil war. There were also some letters to his wife from a man shut up in Bridgwater when the town was besieged.

In the servants' hall of the same house there was a beam on which there are these quaint inscriptions :—

I wronge not the poor, I fear not the rich,  
I have not tooe little, nor I have not tooe much,  
I was set up right and even.

and on the other side is the motto :—

Be you merry, and be you wise,  
And doe you not noe man despise.

—o—

From the facts related in the publication of the Ancient History of Bridgwater and its neighbourhood it appears that there have been periods in the History of England when the inhabitants of Bridgwater and its neighbourhood have been conspicuous in the struggles formerly made both for religious and political freedom; and should we not feel proud at the bold spirit of our ancestors who then helped to lay the foundation of an empire unequalled in history? Let us hope the youth of Somersetshire will be faithful and loyal to the Queen and Government of our country, and combine against all efforts, come from what quarter they may, to sweep away the landmarks of our constitution, which have been both the pride of Englishmen and the envy of foreigners.



---

MATTERS OF INTEREST CONNECTED WITH  
THE TOWN.

We have not a more valuable historical record than our old St. Mary's parish church, which, for the information of strangers, I will describe. The quadrangular tower is 80 feet in height, and the handsome spire 120. The church is an oblong structure, consisting of a nave and chancel. The nave is divided by two rows of five moulded piers, bases and capitals supporting six pointed arches on each side. The windows on the south side of the nave, west of the porch, appear to be of the time of Edward the 3rd or Richard the 2nd, the tracery being formed of quatrefoils and segments of circles. There are also two or three windows of the same age on the north side, particularly a very curious one over the north door, containing intersecting triangles within a circle, and the angles being fitted with trefoils. The north porch is also of the same period. The other parts of the church, with a few exceptions, appear to have been built, or more probably greatly repaired and altered, about the year 1420, or some time in the reign of Henry the 5th, the tracery of the windows being of that kind which have been denominated Perpendicular. On the south side of the nave stand the Corporation seats, in front of which is a handsome screen presenting a good specimen of oak carving. On the north side of the nave stood two ancient chapels, with a heavy wall separating them. The wall has been removed, and two arches, with pillars corresponding to those in the nave, have been substituted, giving a greater lightness and elegance to that part of the building. Over the porches, both on the north and south side, are sittings, with ornamental carved freestone fronts. The pulpit is placed towards the north-east end of the nave of the church, and the organ in a chapel behind it. Opposite the organ in the chancel there is a corresponding

chapel, with a handsome screen of oak carving in front. The altar-piece is a very valuable painting, second to none known as a work of art. It has been examined by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Haydon and other eminent painters, but none of them have been enabled to speak with certainty as to the name of the artist. It was taken during a war with France out of a French vessel brought as a prize into Plymouth, there purchased by Lord Powlett (it was said that Queen Ann was his godmother), and presented to the town of Bridgwater by his lordship. The subject is Christ taken from the Cross; St. John leaning mournfully over the body of the dead Saviour; the Virgin Mary fainting; Mary the wife of Cleophas holding the Virgin's head; and perhaps the most beautifully executed of all the figures is Mary Magdalene, with grief strongly depicted on her countenance, standing with one arm extended, the hand exquisitely pourtrayed, and a tear rolling from her check. It forms altogether a picture as a work of art invaluable. It has been doubted whether it is a Spanish or an Italian painting, but the preponderance of opinion inclines to the latter. In the chancel is a mural monument of the Kingsmill family, very large and handsome. An account of the family is thus given by Edward Bryan, Esq., to Robert Anstice, Esq.: Sir Francis Kingsmill is a younger son of Sir William Kingsmill; is of the knightly family of the same name; for ages settled at Sidmanton, Hants, and near to Newberry, in Berkshire. Francis, the principal subject of the monument, we find was knighted by the Lord-deputy of Ireland in 1605. From the motto on the monument—"Per Fidem sancti effecti sunt validi Bello"—he appears to have been a very religious character. It is stated on the monument he died 25 July, 1620. What link of property or otherwise connected the family with Bridgwater is not known.

I remember there once was a stone under the old

chancel table; it disappeared when the church was restored. In the centre of this stone was a piece of copper, with the following words engraved on it as an epitaph :—

“Tho’ hungry Death hath gulphed into his maw,  
Both sire and child being first ground in his jaw,  
They shall arise when the righteous Judge shall say  
Arise, ye dead, at the resurrection day.”

There was an awful thunderstorm in the year 1814, when the church spire was split by lightning. It was so terrific that every one rushed out of doors expecting to hear of some accident. In the following year it was determined to take down a certain portion of the spire and rebuild it. Of course it was a difficult undertaking. By the advice of a nautical man an ingenious method was at length agreed on. Poles were hoisted to the top of the tower, and two of them lashed with strong ropes round the base of the steeple. Iron rings were riveted large enough to admit the ends of other poles, which where also lashed. Rope ladders were then fastened from pole to pole, as you would mount the rigging of a vessel, so the work was continued until the top of the steeple was attained. Of course a concourse of people gathered to watch a celebrated pilot, named Gover, who fearlessly mounted and brought down the weathercock. The repair of the steeple was undertaken, and well executed, by Mr. Thomas Hutchings, stonemason, and, fortunately, no accident of a serious nature occurred. I remember putting on a sailor’s jacket and mounting one fine afternoon, when the work was three parts finished. A workman took my hand, and I went on a stage which stood inside; the beautiful view of the surrounding neighbourhood repaid the hazard of the undertaking.

As a proof that Bridgwater was made the battle field in former days of contending factions, at its entrances, North, East, West, and South, heavy arches of Ham Hill stone were erected, and since my remembrance three

of those arches stood, with heavy iron hooks, from which the iron gates were hung, that defended forcible entrance.

BRIDGWATER FAMOUS FOR LOYALTY.—Copy of a letter written many years ago from Edward Byam, Esq., of Cheltenham, to Robert Anstice, Esq., of Bridgwater:—

Oxford, September 4th, 1831.

“Dear Sir,—As a person so long connected with Bridgwater and interested with every thing connected with that place, I take the liberty of making you the present communication, thinking on that account it will be acceptable, and you accordingly excuse the liberty I therein take, the individual concerning whom I was seeking to obtain information on the spot, an ancestor of mine connected at one time as you will see with Bridgwater. I have found particulars respecting the Civil war between the King and his Parliament and the consequent fate of the kingdom whether its state be Monarchical or Republican which this struggle involved.

“The transcript then is taken from the Newspaper 4th February, 1644, called (*Mercurius Aulicus*) purporting to convey intelligence of the Court to the rest of the Kingdom, which it wholly engrosses for that day, and is as follows:—

“Now as this groundless rebellion usually drives them into horrible contradictions, so they (the Parliamentarians) generally rail at us for doing any thing which they themselves practice; for it is incredible what vain Pamphlets have been spent in railing at such who would have had Brown to deliver Abingdon to his Majesty, though they have been since busy to bribe over divers of his Majesty's Garrisons; more particularly the Town of Bridgwater, in Somersetshire, was fairly bid for this last week, for Colonel Blake the rebel Governor of Taunton Castle, offered £1000 to Captain Byham, of the garrison of Bridgwater, to betray that Town to them. The Captain a Courageous and hearty Royalist, immediately acquainted Colonel Wyndham the Governor, who bid him continue the treaty and get what he could from Blake. The Articles were agreed upon that Blake and his fellow Rebels should march toward Bridgwater, on Sunday night last, February 2nd, the Captain being then on guard was to let down the drawbridge and unlock the Turnpike to let them in at 4 o'Clock in the morning, for which they were to give him £1000 whereof he received £50. The Rebels came accordingly and the Captain kept punctual word with them; for just at that hour the Rebels 1000 Horse and Foot came near the Town. Captain Byham let down the Bridge and unlocked the Turnpike insomuch (Captain Wemys) a Scot who led on the Rebels came upon the Bridge and cried follow me (all our own) but at that instant Captain Byham gave fire to a

piece of Ordnance (charged with Case Shot) which dispatched that eager Scot and many other dead in the place, there were fifty killed and had the garrison been as ready to follow the Commander, few of those Rebels had retreated back to Taunton. As to Captain Byham he is to take advice with some able Lawyer how to recover the rest of his thousand Pounds, for that he kept his promise both in letting down the Bridge and unlocking the Turnpike, but we hear the Captain is fully satisfied, having already fifty Pounds in money and another fifty in Rebels.' This Captain Byham was born in Dulverton, in Somersetshire, in March, 1622, consequently at time of the exploit had not completed his 22nd year. The rest of his History relates more to the New World in works pertaining to which the remainder of his life and devoted services to his King and Country are to be found. Suffice it that he died in the Island of Antigua in 1670, leaving by his wife Dorothy Knollys, a great Niece of the Earl of Bambury three Sons.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

EDWARD S. BYAM."

Robert Anstice, Esq., to whom this singular letter was written, was highly respected for his urbanity, not only by his fellow townsmen at Bridgwater, but also in the County, and from his general scientific knowledge, especially as an Antiquarian he was consulted, and corresponded with by many of the leading learned men in the kingdom.

In confirmation of the gallantry and courage of Colonel Wyndham, who commanded Bridgwater Castle; and of the loyalty of the men of the West upon that memorable historical period, I have in my reading found the following:—

"DUNSTER CASTLE.—It was the spring of 1646 that the Parliamtary Army was besieging Dunster Castle which was then garrisoned for the King under the command of Colonel Wyndham. The following message was sent him, 'If you will yet deliver up the Castle, you shall have fair quarter, if not expect no mercy, your Mother shall be in front to receive the first firing of your cannon;' to which the gallant Colonel replied 'My mother I honour, but the cause I fight for and the master I serve, God and the King, I honour more,

Mother, do you forgive me and give me your blessing, and let the rebels answer, for spilling that blood of yours, which I will save with the loss of mine, if I have enough both for my masters and yourself.' The mother replied 'Son I forgive thee, and *Pray God* to help thee in thy brave resolution. If I live, I shall love thee all the better for it, God's will be done.' Lord Wentworth, Sir R. Greswell and Colonel Webbe rescued the mother relieved the Castle and took 1000 prisoners, and put the enemy to flight.

In *Antiquities of History* is the following:—"The characterestic boldness of the men of the West.—The trade of the towns promoted distant explorations, and we find in 1494 Sebastian Cabot getting together the crews for his ship, from Bristol and Bridgwater, in the latter place the sailors were renowned for their love of enterprise, by which Newfoundland was discovered."

I have heard it said when a boy that Bridgwater men were remarkable for their attachment to their native Town, in confirmation of this peculiarity, in reading the History of Ancient matters connected with Somersetshire, I found the following: "Blake was born at Bridgwater and had nearly attained the age of fifty before his great talents for Military and Naval command were first called into action. Throughout his brilliant career, which dates from the early successes in his native County, he never forgot his love for Somersetshire, and it is a curious circumstance that he always kept a Bridgwater man near his person that he might talk of the old place and people."

Southey in his "Common Place Book" relates the following anecdote relative to Bridgwater. At the White Hart, Eastover, an inn occupied then by a Mrs. Francis, a Fox was kept. From a cub he had been trained as a turnspit and became clever at the work. One day master Reynard giving way to a touch of nature

decamped, and at Sedgmoor played havoc with both ducks and geese. He was found by Mr. Portman's hounds near Alfred's Stump, at Athelney; away he went in gallant style to the Quantocks, where for a time he entrenched himself. Again discovered, he dashed away to Enmore, and from thence to North Petherton, below which parish he crossed the River Parrett, and made for Bridgwater, on reaching which he found his way into the garden of his old mistress, and on entering the house, immediately leapt into the turnspit cage, where he was safely housed on the arrival of the disappointed hounds.

Roman Encampments have been found in the immediate vicinity of Bridgwater. On a part of the Polden Hills, many coins and other relics have been discovered, we have every reason therefore for believing Bridgwater formed a small colony in very early days. Towns were only fortresses to which rustics retired with their cattle under danger from incursions of the enemies, and the outward ballium of castles were afterward used for the same purpose.

In the 25th Edward the Third, 1350, Lord Zouch obtained a license from that King, to settle the Manor of Bridgwater, upon William the son of Le Zouch of Totness, & Agnes his wife, should he be divorced or for any other cause separated, then the manor of Bridgwater should remain to her heirs for ever. William, Lord Zouch in the 36th Edward the Third, 1361, had license to go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and departed this life in the 5th Richard the 2nd, 1381.

One Silver, an inhabitant of Bridgwater, brother to Captain Silver, Master Gunner of England, invented a machine, which would discharge many barrels of muskets at once, these were to be played at several passes instead of cannon.

## OLD DOCUMENTS.

At the old gaol, in boxes and cupboards, are very old and curious documents; it requires a learned man to read them. I attended Mr. Ryley, one of the expert and learned antiquarians employed by Government for the purpose of examining them. He discovered some of the oldest churchwardens' accounts perhaps to be found in England. I give a copy of one of them. It reads as follows:—"Compotus Johannis Paris Custodis Ecclesia Parochiales Mariæ Virginis Anno Regni Henrici Sexti Post Conquestorium Angliæ Vicessimio Tertius A. D. 1444—5.

## De Receptione.

Furst Resey'd of John Weamps of money he bequeathed to the Church ... ..	} VIIs. VIIId.
Item Thomas Chamberlayne bequests of one Wm. Crew ... ..	
Item reseyved for Mindus (mind dues) for Commemoration days ... ..	} IIIs. IIId.
Item a Tenant in Fryern Street rente ... ..	
Thomas Taylor rente ... ..	} XIIIs.
Wm. Michael Mercer ... ..	
Item reeed of Edward Slape the yaf to the Holy-waterstone ... ..	} IIIIs.
Received great Bell... ..	
	XXId.

## Costage.

First for XXIII li wex for torches and the lyght before the hye Cross agen Xmas ... ..	} XIIs.
Item payed for XXVIII wex for II Torches an the Jsascelle and the vault taper at Easter ... ..	
Item for making holy baskets ... ..	} XIIs. IIId.
Item for sticking candles on a Christy night ... ..	
Item for a Boarde at Vestry door ... ..	} VIIId.
Item for a laundry man ... ..	
Item for Cordes and Gynnes aboute the sepulere and to the Bille at Church door ... ..	} IIIId.
Item Lantern ... ..	
Item II Boards to mend Tenemente in Fryern Street ... ..	} VIId.



Amongst the old documents were the following:—

*A Notice by the Common Cryer in 1718.*

“I am ordered and commanded to give notice to all persons that bring Corn and Grain into this town for sale on market days, that they bring the same in bags on the Cornhill. And that no person shall open the bags for sale, until the ringing of the bell, or they will be prosecuted for the same by the Mayor & Aldermen.”

“July 18, 1719—Wm. Erle maketh oath that he was standing near the High Cross in the Borough of Bridgwater, looking at a person who was put in the pillory, for speaking seditious words; heard Edward Parry, a trooper say, ‘he knew him in the pillory, being one of his countrymen, and that the Pretender was his King,’ and the deponent answered, ‘King George is my King.’

Sworn before me,—EDWARD RAYMOND,  
Mayor.”

“We, Jos. Taylor and John Mounsher, surveyors of the Highways of the Parish of Bridgwater, do hereby present the Highway leading from Bridgwater to North Petherton, also Wembdon, also Bawdrip, also to Durleigh, are very bad, out of repair and dangerous to all Travellers who pass these roads, and it is a great detriment to the Parish. Sworn before me, Thomas Yeates, Mayor.

27 April, 1737. Samuel Smyth, Alderman.”

“Borough and Parish of Bridgwater.—The information of Sarah Leaky, of Bridgwater aforesaid, widow, taken before Wm. Binford, Alderman, one of his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace for the Borough, who saith—That she now keeps a common Ale House within the Borough. That yesterday, about noon, Banfield Moore Carew came to informant’s House and desired to lodge; there was a woman with him he called his

wife, and a girl his daughter, and the informant believes the said Banfield Moore Carew hath nothing to subsist on but what gentlemen give him.

Taken on oath this 22 day of August, 1744.  
Before me, Wm. Bynford.—Sarah Leaky.”

One of the oldest properties in the borough is the Town Mills.

The owner holds amongst the papers a curious deed of assignment, dated 1709, between Richard Lowbridge and George Balch, Esq., wherein it is recorded that in 1694 the Mayor, Aldermen, &c., gave permission to Richard Lowbridge to remove pavements, break up the soil of the streets, lanes, &c., in order that he may convey the water from the millstream, commonly called Durleigh Brook, for the use of the inhabitants, to a cross on the Cornhill, known by the name of the High Cross, and that the pipes might be conveyed to any other parts of the town. His right was to supply the water for 1,000 years, at the annual payment of one shilling a year, and to encourage him in the undertaking the Mayor, Aldermen, &c., were to pay him the sum of one hundred pounds, Richard Lowbridge, being the owner of the mill and water connected with it; but when the Corporate seal was to be affixed the Mayor, &c., refused to ratify what they had promised unless Richard Lowbridge remitted the said sum of one hundred pounds, which he did accordingly.

—o—

The old Zummingssetshire dialect is fast dying out. It may amuse the reader if I give a labourer's account of the siege of Bridgwater—a countryman living at

Weston Zoyland, who appears to have been enlisted against his will by Cromwell in 1645 :—

In Weston field I earn'd my bread  
In sixteen forty-five ;  
A very quiet life did lead,  
Vor my family did strive.

And when I war at work one day  
A turning up zome ground,  
I heard a noise which made me start :  
It waran awful sound.

Aye, zich a crashing sound it war,  
I never shall forget ;  
I dro'd away my spade, by gor,  
And away then I did zet.

And as I cum'd nigh Oller drove  
I zeed zome zogers run ;  
I clim'd a tree, and there above  
Thought I shud zee some fun.

Oh, how the Red Coats tackled on,  
And tothers atter hied ;  
They soon war cum, and soon war gone ;  
It zeem'd war's opening tide.

A company at length appeared,  
And stop'd the tothers' flight,  
And then they turned, and then they checred,  
And vow'd that they would fight.

And twarden long they had to stay,  
Vor General Cromwell cum,  
And never war there such a day ;  
Twar cruel death to some.

Zome Zogers fall'd by musket shot,  
Zome spiked wi a long spear,  
And zome into the ditches got,  
Where their heads did only peer.

I cling'd to middle of the tree—  
The leaves war very thick—  
And twar a lucky job vor me,  
Vor I feel'd faint and sick.

To see the blood and hear the groans,  
Twar savages outright ;  
Thick as hail the splinter bones ;  
It war an awful sight.

At last the Royalists gi'd in ;  
The prisoners vall'd down,  
The rest retreated in a din  
Towards Bridgwater town.

I climmered down from off the tree ;  
A voice said there's a chap :  
Cromwell he catched a sight o' me,  
And ordered me to stap.

Then down upon my knees I vall'd ;  
He said, " My man, stand op ;  
Twarden to kill thee that I called ; "  
My head spin'd like a top.

" Wut list ? " zaid he. " I will, " said I ;  
And list I did there right,  
And made a vow till I did dio  
Vor Cromwell I wud fight

I noed my life war at a stake,,  
My very brains did ring ;  
At that time vor my own self's sake  
I'd a promised anything.

Vrom there we march'd to Weston Moor  
And then the trumpet zound ;  
That night wi ly'd upon a floor,  
And that war the bare ground.

I zend home to my family,  
And told em twar my doom—  
A general's servant I shud be,  
Vor I war Cromwell's groom.

He zaid he'd make a man o' me,  
Vor that he wud be bown ;  
War pleased, he said, to see the way  
I rub'd the hosses down.

He war a fuss-rate man, I know,  
Wud do what he did dare ;  
But as for they about em, tho',  
Their ways I cud not bare.

They long'd, they said, to kill the King ;  
Twar that vor they war bent,  
And than zome arguments would bring  
About zome Parliament.

Now in my heart I loved the King ;  
His laws wud I obey,  
And hated beyond anything  
Such wicked men as they.

But I war fn their clutches now,  
And bown to act my part,  
And tho' my mouth war forced to bow  
It warden from my heart.

"Come, join in chorus," they did cry  
When mornings they did sing ;  
Inward I vowed when I did die  
Shud be to sarve my King.

We marched to Chedzoy ; there we ly'd,  
And need not what to do ;  
To teake Bridgwter they had tried,  
But Bridgwater men war true.

They war no traitors, no, not they,  
And wud stan firm, they zaid ;  
We heard about em day by day,  
Brave Wyndham was their head.

He had a wife war good and brave,  
One day she fired a shot ;  
Vor Cromwell twar the closest shave  
That ever he'd a got.

When Okey cum our force war strong ;  
Twar whispered then about  
They'd seize Bridgwater afore long,  
And set em to the rout.

Fairfax and Cromwell talk'd one night  
Whilst I the hoss rubbed down ;  
They zaid the next day they'd go right  
Into Bridgwater town.

That night no sleep I never found,  
Altho' the moon did shine,  
Vor living in Bridgwater town  
War some old friends o' mine.

Jest avore day away I sot,  
Before the cock did crow ;  
I thought thinks I, I'll blow their plot,  
And let the townsmen know.

When at the gate they cried out, "stop!  
Or else I'll make thec spin ;"  
I tould the zogers what war op,  
And zoon they let me in.

Right glad war they to to hear my tale;  
Wi warmth my hands they shook,  
And when they found the facts war real  
To the Castle I war took.

I told em all, the drums did beat,  
And they begun to arm ;  
The news it spread droo every street,  
The town was in alarm.  
Brave Wyndham talk'd em into tears  
To do as they were bid,  
“ And now,” said he, “ dree hearty cheers ! ”  
Dree hearty cheers they gid.  
And soon the roaring guns we heard  
Towards the eastern side ;  
The more they roared the more we cheered,  
Our guns, too, they reply'd.  
The tug of war it cannot last ;  
It cum wi awful might ;  
We know'd our fated die was cast,  
Like dragons we did fight.  
They ring'd the bells, burn'd houses down,  
Like phrenzy volks they were ;  
File atter file marched droo the town  
The dangers vor to share.  
But when the wild dragoons cum op  
Droo Eastover at last  
I noed that Fate had filled the cup,  
All hopes or chance was past.  
At last I zeed how it wud be,  
That they wud gain the day ;  
I took't a chance war offered me,  
And scampered far away.  
I never fear'd their hue and cry ;  
They sought for me in vain.  
I lived to see old Cromwell die,  
And good King Charlie reign.  
With all their errors or mishaps  
It always seemed to me  
Bridgwater men were plucky chaps  
As ever I did zee.

—o—

The religious Hospital of St. John, which we have described, stood at the end of Eastover. Some years since, in digging for the foundation of a house, a stone coffin was discovered, near which, it may be supposed, an urn was found containing a well-preserved document, which, transcribed, proves as follows:—

A PILGRIM'S POEM,

IN HIS PILGRIMAGE FROM CORNWALL TO GLASTONBURY.

Here a poor Pilgrim who hath seen  
Many a weary day ;  
To Normandy I have been,  
Again I never may.

Weary and sick when I came here,  
To Glastonbury bent :  
My sins hath caused me many a tear,  
And humbly I repent.

Here in this hospital I rest,  
The Hospital of St. John ;  
It was Briwere's good bequest  
For his soul to rest upon.

He built the Castle in this town,  
The bridge he built besides ;  
His charity bears high renown,  
'Tis like the Parret's tides.

It flows perpetual day by day,  
It bears a happy wave,  
That which will cast a pleasing ray  
Of comfort for his grave.

Briwere is good, and may he find,  
When earthly scenes are past,  
Better comfort for his mind—  
Those that will ever last !

There is One who sits above  
All good works to see ;  
The Saviour's earthly life was love,  
His aim was charity.

The black cross the Hospitallers wear,  
On mantles hanging down,  
Their food the poorest ; they may share  
No better in any town.

Here are dormitories, too,  
Where weary souls may rest ;  
The nurse Hospitallers are true,  
And they will do their best.

To cure the sick, to heal the wound  
War's weapons may have made  
Here are sufferers made sound,  
Whatever be their grade.

The poor outcasts a home will find,  
If here their way they wend,  
When the world doth prove unkind,  
No sympathetic friend.

\* To Weary-All Hill I humbly go ;  
From the Church's hand I'll crave,  
That holy mercy that will flow  
To all this side the grave.

Those the Church's mercy seek  
In humble mood should stand ;  
Poverty becomes the meek.  
Tho' I have in this land

Possessions many, no one knows  
My name or pedigree ;  
None can tell the secret woes,  
Nor the guilt that hangs on me.

They must be rooted out in pain;  
Trials must I endure—  
Ficry trials, or in vain  
For me to hope for cure.

I have vowed barefoot to walk  
And see the Holy Thorn,  
To no one on the road to talk,  
To feed on unground corn,

Until to Cornwall I return,  
That sacred vow I'll keep ;  
I'll put this history in an urn,  
Before I go to sleep ;

And bury it far underground ;  
In ages to come yet  
It may be accidental found,  
And a value on it set.

Pilgrimage is hard to bear,  
But yet it brings its fruit,  
Relieves the soul from many a care,  
Drags sin out by the root.

I feel to-night, fasting I feel,  
A noble spirit rise ;  
I kneel to-night, fasting I kneel,  
With eyes turned to the skies.

I see to night, fasting I see,  
An angel high above ;  
I see to-night, lasting I see  
Will be His rapturous love.



I'll cast my hateful sin away,  
As snakes their skins will cast ;  
No deceiver shall betray,  
It shall for ever last.

Pride, the foundation is of sin,  
'Twas pride was Adam's fall ;  
'Twas the first sin that did begin—  
'Twill be the last of all.

Haughty man must learn to bend,  
It is God's decree ;  
'Tis the beginning to an end,  
To all eternity.

Learn a lesson, man, from me,  
Try to seek the Lord ;  
No faith without humility,  
Without faith no reward.

Satan loves the haughty man,  
He foment's pride within,  
Binds him safely as he can  
By the cords of sin.

I've sunk in vice for many a year,  
It made my conscience burn ;  
At length comes the repentant tear,  
To virtue I'll return.

The wicked standard long have I  
Held, and with sternness stood ;  
Now will I nobly lift on high  
The standard of the good.

I'll give my land the poor to feed,  
The wanderer back will call ;  
I'll seek out sickness and distress,  
And stop the sinner's fall.

Oh ! could I fellow pilgrims greet  
In that celestial light,  
Where earthly, heavenly Pilgrims meet  
In mansions pure and bright.

To this house much land I've given,  
Tho' in disguise I'm here,  
Day after day in prayer I've striven,  
And have shed many a tear,

Over the follies of my youth  
My heart seems melted now ;  
I trust in hope, in sacred fear,  
I may keep my vow.

Barefoot to Cornwall bend my way,  
From Glaston's holy place,

Then for a glorious opening day,  
The opening day of grace.

Then holy joy will fill my breast,  
Then holy hopes will cheer ;  
I'll build a place for saints to rest,  
As Briwere hath done here.

The spot when landed first I trod,  
On England's rocky coast,  
Shall be made sacred to my God—  
To Him I love the most.

Now comes the legend : It is said  
This stranger Pilgrim went  
At early morn from his lone bed,  
To Glaston was he bent.

To carry out his holy vow,  
Visit St. Dunstan's shrine,  
More placid and relaxed his brow,  
His spirit more divine.

Steady in faith he travell'd on,  
His blistered feet were sore ;  
Still as the sting within was gone  
He cared for nothing more.

As the sun reached to midday hour  
To Locksley Wood came he ;  
There in the shade of Nature's bower  
He rested merrily.

Weary he felt, Nature gave way,  
The hills were long and steep ;  
Screened from the Sun's besetting ray,  
He dropp'd in quiet sleep.

Long he enjoyed a calm repose  
Beneath a sheltering yew ;  
At length again, refreshed, he rose  
His journey to pursue.

He felt amazed—he never feared—  
Fear's powers he defied ;  
A man in ancient garb appeared,  
Close standing at his side.

Upon an oaken staff he leant,  
His beard was long and grey !  
His manly frame with age was bent ;  
“ Pilgrim,” he said, “ good day.

“ I'm sent to thee, I'm ordered here  
By powers thou knowest not now ;  
Come and partake my humble cheer ;  
I know thy holy vow.”

As on his feet the Pilgrim stood  
He said, "Ah, can it be?  
'Tis so, the dream I've had is good;  
Lead, and I'll follow thee."  
They passed along a wooded dell,  
Both seemed in serious thought;  
They reached at length the Hermit's cell,  
The shelter which they sought.  
Humble, indeed, the cell appeared,  
And frugal was the fare;  
Still as the Pilgrim ate he feared  
There was something in the air—  
A something in the Hermit's look,  
His eyes a brightness wore;  
The Pilgrim's inward spirit shook;  
He never shook before.  
"I know thee, Pilgrim, whom thou art,"  
The Hermit earnest said,  
"Norman Mohun, and the part  
In war's sad woes thou'st play'd.  
"How thou wast savage and wast bold,  
And cruel in the fight;  
On prisoners in thy fast hold  
Did exercise thy might.  
"How at the Hospital of St. John  
Thou did'st repent and live,  
And look'st to the Church to lean upon  
For the aid that it can give.  
"Know this, poor Pilgrim, Christ the Lord  
Is the Lord Christ indeed:  
Keep but in faith His Holy Word,  
And thou'lt have little need  
"The Glaston journey to pursue.  
I order that you shall  
Return, and other pardon sue  
At St. John's Hospital,  
"I'll send a priest to meet thee there,  
He'll lead thy thoughts on high;  
Join with him, good man, in prayer—  
Prepare ere thou shalt die.  
"He'll teach thee to slake thy thirst  
Where thou wilt thirst no more;  
Read David's Psalm the thirty-first—  
'Go and sin no more.'  
"Superstitious ways forsake,  
Now this very hour,

'Tis a cord of human make  
Which binds thee by its power."

The Pilgrim dropp'd, and nothing knew ;  
But when he roused he said  
He found himself beneath the yew  
Where he first had laid.

So celestial all appeared,  
He wondered to the last,  
But returned, felt inward cheered  
At the vision past.

At evening's vespers he once more  
At the Hospital arrived,  
Entered stealthily at the door,  
And unobserved contrived.

His pallid face a priest perceived,  
He pray'd with him all night ;  
Mohun the Norman, 'tis believed,  
Died before morning's light.

Beneath his Pilgrim's dress he wore  
Armour, and elasp'd behind  
His will they found, which the night before  
He had duly signed.

William Briwere trust he made  
Over his only son.  
At Dunster was his body laid,  
Thus his race was run.

His son, a youth of vigorous mind,  
To Bridgwater came,  
He was virtuous and kind,  
And bore his father's name.

Briwere's daughter Alice  
Was beauteous as the morn ;  
Never for vice or malice  
Was that daughter born.

She helped the needy in distress,  
She visited the poor,  
She sought religious happiness  
That ever would endure.

Young Mohun felt her charms, indeed,  
Sink deeply on his heart ;  
Her father he took little heed  
To pluck young Cupid's dart.

When time in Hope's bright measure  
Had borne along its tide,  
He gained the beauteous treasure :  
Alice was Mohun's bride.

**ATHELNEY.**

Alfred, the son of Æthelwolf, King of the West Saxons, was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849. He distinguished himself during the reign of his brother Etheldred in several engagements with the Danes, and upon his death succeeded to the crown, in the year 871, and in the 22nd year of his age. This prince was twelve years of age before a master could be procured in the Western Kingdom to teach him his alphabet. Notwithstanding the lateness of his initiation he ultimately acquired extraordinary erudition. On ascending the throne he found himself involved in a dangerous war with the Danes, and placed under such circumstances of distress as called for the greatest valour and resolution, and all the other virtues with which he was adorned. The Danes had penetrated into the heart of his kingdom, and before he had been a month upon the throne he was obliged to take the field against those formidable enemies. After many battles gained on both sides, he was reduced to great distress, and was abandoned by most of his subjects. In this situation he laid aside the marks of royalty and took shelter in the house of one who kept cattle, in the Isle of Æthelhingey—now called Athelney—in Somersetshire, where he built a fort for himself, his family, and the few faithful servants who repaired thither to him. When informed that some of his subjects had routed a large army of the Danes, he contrived to give notice where he was, and invited his nobility to come and consult with him. Before they came to a final determination, Alfred, putting on the habit of a harper, went into the enemy's camp, where, without suspicion, he was everywhere admitted, and had the honour of playing before their princes. Having thereby acquired an exact knowledge of their situation, he returned in great secrecy to his nobility, whom he ordered to their respective homes, there to draw together, each man, as great a force as he could, and appointed a time for a general rendezvous.

This was transacted so secretly and expeditiously that in a little time the King, at the head of a formidable army, approached the Danes before they had the least intelligence of his design. He totally defeated them at Æthendune—now Edington. He agreed to give up the East Angles to such as would embrace the Christian religion, on condition that they would oblige the rest of their countrymen to quit the country. Guthrum, the chief captain, came with thirty of his chief officers, to be baptized. Alfred answered for him at the font. At the last battle he, by a determined rush, seized the Danish banner, the image of a raven, which, they say, was magically wrought, and believed in by the Danes as carrying great fatality with it. Towards good success it was said the raven would clap its wings, but towards mishap would hang them down and not move.

Many curious relics have been found at Athelney, the most important of these the head of a golden spear, supposed to have been presented by Alfred to the Abbey, and an amulet of enamel and gold, now in the Ashmolean Museum. A legend on the latter expresses that it was made by the command of the King. (See Palgrave's *Saxon History*).

Modern writers have, I am told, cast a doubt on the legend of the burning of the cakes, still, it has been introduced into this poem as believed most implicitly in the neighbourhood. Athelney stands at the junction of the rivers Tone and Parret, in the parish of Lyng, about seven miles from Bridgwater. The name of Athelney signifies in Saxon language, the Isle of Nobles. About 888 Alfred founded here an abbey for monks of the Benedictine Order, dedicated to the Blessed Saviour. The Abbot did not sit in Parliament, but was regarded as a spiritual lord.

'Twas at the dawn of early day,  
The sun had cleared night's gloom away  
Over the Plains of Athelney.

To Græcia's hut a stranger came  
Without a friend, without a name,  
With keen suspicion looked the dame.

"Thy character I can read soon  
I guess thou art some lazy loon  
Whose hands will scarcely feed thy spoon.

"I'll to the swine, I hear them crack ;  
Attend the cakes till I come back,  
And keep 'em turned, or they'll be black,"

The stranger smiled, but sullen care  
Had laid his throbbing bosom bare ;  
Transfixed he stood in deep despair.

Thought upon thought o'erwhelmed his mind,  
'Till sorrow left its sting behind—  
Fortune to him had been unkind.

Facts cumbered Memory's dreamy track  
And called his wand'ring senses back ;  
The smoke it curl'd, *the cakes were black.*

He heard a footstep hastening nigher ;  
Ere he could snatch them from the fire  
Græcia returned in furious ire.

"Gadzooks, you loon, you lazy loon,  
You did not think I'd come so soon ;  
The blackest cake shall be thy boon.

Her good man came, and his appeal  
Her angry passions seemed to feel ;  
They sat down at their morning's meal.

"We'll give God thanks," the stranger said,  
And instant knelt him down and prayed :  
Abel and Græcia felt afraid.

"Hark ! voices !" Græcia said, "Arm, arm !"  
Her gude man stood as by a charm ;  
She, faltering, trembled with alarm.

Who can describe what Græcia felt ?  
A figure, slash'd in martial belt,  
Betore the stately stranger knelt.

Others appeared : "Your Majesty"  
They each one said, on bended knee ;  
It told the stranger's high degree.

Your Majesty ! the words they fell  
As it had been a passing bell,  
And ringing Græcia's funeral knell.

Truth, as the glare of day appeared,  
On bended knees, with hands upreared,  
They sought for pardon, whilst they feared.

"Rise Cottagers," kind Alfred said,  
"For here beneath your humble shed  
I come to seek a soldier's bed,

"To-morrow's dawn, at bugle's sound,  
Some trusty friends will gather round,  
Protectors all of British ground.

"The time may come will wipe the stain  
Of late defeat, and break the chain,  
Cast off the fetters of the Dane.

"Here must our Court be held ; this cot  
May prove by chance a happy spot :  
Fear not, 'twill never be forgot.

"When brighter days arrive you'll find  
In Alfred's breast a grateful mind ;  
But secrecy our acts must bind.

Swear all upon this sacred book."  
A solemn oath at once they took,  
And ne'er the promise they forsook,

That none to friends or foes would say  
What had been heard or seen that day,  
And would the Monarch's word obey.

Athelney was the Monarch's seat ;  
A twelvemonth passed in that retreat,  
Until arrangements were complete.

Alfred could play the harp full well,  
And oft was absent : none could tell  
For many weeks what him befel.

Secure within this secret nest  
Abel and Gracia lodged their guest :  
He came or went as pleased him best.

With the fierce Danes there seemed to be  
A triumph of security ;  
In all their tents was revelry

The warriors had lain down their arms  
To hear the sound of music's charms ;  
The harper's tones banished alarms.

He played with skill, such skill had he,  
He seemed a very prodigy,  
In every art of minstrelsy.

The noblest chiefs of Danish sway,  
Charmed by his harp, would pass the day,  
And banish night to hear him play.

Wine followed music, and its power,  
Increased their pleasure hour by hour ;  
'Twas like a wreath to pleasure's bower.



He boldly played before all eyes ;  
Alfred the harper in disguise,  
Managed his part discreet and wise.

On Athelney's protected land,  
The British nobles took their stand,  
And but awaited his command.

Gladly at length they heard the call,  
In Selwood Forest one and all  
They marshalled as a gathering ball.

"Now follow me," Great Alfred cried,  
"For what end this day will decide ;  
Be firm and faithful to your guide."

He knew the path ; like lightning's flash  
Swiftly they went with sudden dash ;  
They met the Danes—and what a crash !

The alarm was spread, the first shock o'er,  
Bands of fierce Danes came, more and more,  
Unmindful of the streaming gore.

In steady phalanx now they formed,  
Their spirit rising as they warmed ;  
In fight they prodigies performed.

The Britons felt their force rebound ;  
From the first rush they lost some ground ;  
The Danes defiant gathered round.

Their magic standard they had reared,  
Poised as a balance it appeared,  
The British chieftains hoped but feared.

Alfred their superstition knew ;  
He gathered round a chosen few,  
And near the Danish standard drew.

He nobly led—impetuous led—  
Over the dying and the dead ;  
He rush'd of that small band the head.

Onward the mighty wave they pour'd ;  
The flashes bright as sword met sword ;  
The magic raven's wings were lowered.

It was an omen that we find  
Spoke terrors to the Danish mind ;  
Misfortune seemed with it entwined.

Still, valiantly they stood their ground,  
And many a Briton's corpse around  
Would hear no more a living sound.

"Forward !" cried Alfred ; "onward, on !"  
He seized the standard ; Fortune shone  
Upon the rush—the day was won.

The Danes perceived their standard lowered,  
In quivering tremour dropp'd the sword ;  
" Retreat, retreat !" became the word.

The Britons felt their spirits glow.  
With ardour followed up the blow,  
And till the evening chased the foe.

The day was theirs, 'twas God's decree  
From that time forth united, free,  
May England date her liberty !

—o—

## THE QUANTOCKS.

Note.—The highest point of the Quantocks is 1,270 feet above low water mark.

Close in our neighbourhood a scene there lies,  
Which may be termed as Nature's grandest prize ;  
Where summer travellers wander with delight  
Upon its bosom's side. Wondrous the sight  
Along the heathy Quantocks' lengthened hills !  
Deep in its combs, its dells, its murmuring rills  
Ecstatic pleasure finds a fairy scene,  
Beyond descriptive words—it must be seen  
To live in memory—the poet's sweet retreat,  
Where silent nooks and Fancy's grandeur meet.  
High on its top the eyes such prospects get  
Unequall'd in the range of Somerset.  
United sea and land—views nobly rise ;  
Struck with the vision, the reluctant eyes  
Refuse to leave its charms—so bright and fair  
The traveller pauses, and could linger there  
While life should last. A Paradise it seems,  
Which will hereafter re-appear in dreams.  
But more allurements tempt him still to rove,  
Where murmuring water thro' the verdant grove  
Runs pure and bright. Silent and soft it goes,  
As from its gushing spring unchecked it flows,  
Until some chasm'd rock diverts its course.  
Down its rude steps it runs in headlong force,  
Sinking amid some bushy glen, where free  
It rushes onward, dancing merrily.  
Here oft the antlered stag finds his retreat,  
And spotted deer gamble with nimble feet.  
Here oft the pensive nightingale is heard  
Warbling at noon ; and many a feather'd bird,  
As thro' the quiet grove it onward flies,  
With Nature's gaudy colours charms the eyes.

Away from bustling cities, noisy sounds,  
Here the mind rests on fancied fairy grounds ;  
Raising the hallowed thoughts to Him above,  
Who formed, who fashioned, this retreat of love,  
That the glad spirit may, ere it is blest,  
Find, on this earth, a momentary rest.

—o—

## BRIDGWATER CASTLE AND NORTH PETHERTON PARK.

Bridgwater Castle was much in keeping and structure with other castles of the early period when it was erected, and had the advantages attending its contiguity to the river. The whole site was surrounded by a deep broad ditch, called a fosse. Before the great gate was an outwork called a barbican, which was a strongly-built, high wall, with turrets upon it designed for the defence of the gate and drawbridge. On the inside of the ditch stood the wall of the castle, about eight or ten feet thick, and between twenty and thirty feet high, with a parapet and a kind of embrasure, called crennels, on the top. On this wall, at proper distances, square towers, two or three stories high, were built, which served for lodging for the common servants or retainers, granaries, storehouses and other necessary offices. On the top of this wall and on the flat roofs of these buildings stood the defenders of the castle when it was besieged, and from thence arrows, darts and stones were discharged on the besiegers. The great gate of the castle stood in the centre of this wall, and was strongly fortified with a tower on each side, and rooms over the passage, which were closed with thick folding-doors of oak, plated with iron and with an iron portcullis or gate, let down from above. Within the enclosed wall was a space or court called a bayle or ballium. Underground were dismal dark cells or vaults for the confine-

ment of prisoners. In the centre of the castle was a great hall, in which the owner at times displayed great hospitality by entertaining his numerous friends and followers. At one end of this great hall there was a raised place called the dais or deis, where the chief table stood, and at which persons of the highest rank dined. One of the vaults that formerly belonged to Bridgwater Castle is now used as a wine vault, near the present Custom House. The Castle of Bridgwater was held by some of the highest nobility, who were famed for hospitality. Amongst the chief of its noble owners was Lord Daubenny, to whom King Henry granted a fee farm rent out of the town of Bridgwater in consideration of his many services, and also the extensive park at North Petherton, which at that time was one of the most noted parks in the kingdom. It was large, and well stocked with all kinds of game, especially the wild deer. The chase was delighted in, and followed by ladies as well as lords. At particular times extensive invitations were issued from the castle, and the hunt was honoured by persons of the highest distinction. A quaintly-written poem gives us an interesting account of one of these splendid hunting days:—

There was a park at Petherton,  
Where stately trees did grow,  
You ne'er the like could look upon,  
For noble buck or doe.

In fourteen hundred eighty-six,  
The young Lord Daubenny  
A wondrous hunting match did fix,  
For governor was he.

Henry now wore King Richard's crown,  
He nobly did attain;  
One battle brought the tyrant down,  
Which Daubenny helped to gain.

He was then active and was bold,  
And fear he never knew;  
His diary many records told,  
He prized his bow of yew.

Which he had won when very young,  
When knights had met to see  
A match which bards had ably sung  
Of skilful archery.

To be the foremost was his pride,  
In daring deeds led he ;  
His fame was echoed far and wide,  
For acts of chivalry:

To join the hunt, to view the sights  
Which he would then display,  
Both lords and ladies with their knights  
Assembled on this day.

Bridgwater Castle opened wide  
Its sturdy gates to all ;  
It was the young Lord Daubenny's pride  
To fill the spacious hall.

Sir William Stanley proudly came  
With lady, knight and shield ;  
Fame placed its stamp upon his name,  
On famous Bosworth's field ;

Courtenay, the Earl of Devon, too,  
And Arundel of Kent,  
With other knights and men as true,  
Who were for pleasure bent.

Their 'squires attended in their train,  
Their daughters young and fair ;  
Some sighed Lord Daubenny's heart to gain,  
His reputation share.

As o'er the drawbridge on that day  
Caparisoned they passed,  
So grand and gaudy the display,  
It scarce could be surpassed.

The gates oped wide to friend or foe,  
So noble Daubenny willed ;  
The outer ballium to its end  
With spectators was filled.

The loud huzzas, marks of delight,  
The very air now rent,  
As the sun's dazzling rays of light  
Shone on the pageant.

Heraldic banners lifted high,  
Of various forms were seen,  
With colours to attract the eye,  
Of azure blue or green.

Long-bearded men, each armed with lance,  
All men of martial deeds,

In compact line were in advance,  
Mounted on mettled steeds.  
The stirrup-top formed a lance rest,  
O'er which a cross was strung ;  
A silver belt lashed o'er the breast,  
From which a bugle hung.  
Lady and knight, each side by side,  
Soon followed in the track ;  
Each lady's grey pranced in its pride,  
The bold knights' steeds were black.  
The bits and stirrups looked as gold,  
The bridles white as snow ;  
On either side walked yeomen bold,  
With quiver and with bow.  
Next came the earls, whose stern looks tell  
Of haughty, proud disdain,  
Whose summons thousands could compel  
To follow in their train.  
Close in their rear a few renowned  
For valour in war's field,  
Who had, when danger sternly frowned;  
With courage borne their shield—  
Who had in difficulties shared,  
And won distinguished place,  
But now, with hearts and arms prepared,  
Were eager for the chase.  
Was ever seen such gay parade ?  
The multitudes remark,  
As they surveyed the calvacade,  
In Petherton's wide park.  
They soon were formed within its bounds,  
Its groves of sylvan green ;  
The huntsman, with the deep-toned hounds,  
In various groups were seen.  
The rough-haired staghound, with an eye  
Keen as the arrow's flight,  
With graceful form fitted to fly,  
Yet showing muscled might.  
The sleek-haired hounds, with pendent ears,  
To sweep the morning dew ;  
Their look sagacious appears,  
Their height and colour true.  
The spotted beagles scattered round,  
An active little pack,  
With nose already to the ground,  
With tail curled o'er the back.

Another group must not escape,  
Our notice in the wood ;  
The greyhounds tall with slender shape,  
Held in their leashes stood.  
In the amusements of the day,  
All ranks of persons shared !  
Some here, some there, wandered away,  
For any game prepared.  
When the nobility were seen,  
The huntsmen gathered round,  
And with their bugles tasselled green,  
Rung out a cheering sound.  
The various hounds the signal caught,  
As each would each outvie ;  
In sympathy, by practice taught,  
They joined the chorus cry.  
Scarcely the ladies could prepare,  
No time allowed to flag ;  
With sudden spring from covert lair,  
Rushed out an antlered stag.  
Boldly he took a look around,  
His enemies he heard ;  
And off he bounded o'er the ground ;  
Swift as a feathered bird.  
The law of chase was then allowed,  
The foremost hounds whipped back ;  
Now they, in eager circle crowd—  
Then off, the gallant pack !  
Well off, well off, my merry hound,  
Oh, what a joyful spring !  
The huntsman said, " Hark to that sound !  
It makes the forest ring."  
Now mettled steeds away pursue ;  
It calls the fleetest pace ;  
The sportsmen and the ladies too  
Dash forward in the chase.  
Through brake and glade, o'er hill and dale,  
Away from man's abode ;  
No check from danger would avail—  
With energy they rode.  
The frightened stag, o'er briar and brook,  
With speed of lightning goes ;  
His way toward the Quantocks took,  
Where the wild heather grows.  
The scent lay well, the dogs pursued  
Unerring in his track ;

A few with lasting strength endued,  
Led on the pressing pack.

United now what music went,  
In chorus of alarm,  
So much the closer was the scent,  
The louder was the charm.

The hill-top gained, the stag he stood  
As watchful as a bird,  
With ear bent towards a neighbouring wood,  
The fearful sound he heard.

Quickly he turned by other ways  
To reach once more the plain—  
Took his straight course o'er rugged braes  
To reach his lair again.

The leading sportsmen flushed with heat,  
Kept up a fleeting pace,  
And little dreamt they soon would meet  
The object of their chase.

Too soon, for in a narrow glen,  
As ancient records tell,  
But a short distance from the men  
Rode Lady Arundel.

Down came the stag from upper ground,  
With furious pace he came,  
The sportsmen heard the rushing sound,  
And trembled for the dame.

One minute more, his branching head  
The lady's steed would meet;  
Within that minute he lay dead  
And prostrate at her feet.

Another wreath from smiling fame  
That arrow gained, I trow,  
It with a true precision came  
From young Lord Daubenny's bow.

He caught a glimpse of danger near,  
And strung the fatal dart,  
With practised hand and vision clear,  
He sent it to the heart.

The bugles join in reveillé,  
They hear the stirring round;  
Attendants move the stag away,  
As sportsmen gather round.

The Lady Arundel was young,  
The blush was on her face;  
Her hair the theme of every tongue,  
Her beauty and her grace.



The chase was run on Crispin's day,  
If chroniclers must guide,  
And ere could follow Easter-day  
She was Lord Daubenny's bride.

Such feasting and such joyous glee  
We never must forget,  
It happened then what all would see—  
Valour and beauty met.

Long did Bridgwater Castle ring  
With sounds of revelry,  
And years to come bards they would sing,  
Of gallant Daubenny.

In the time of 26th Edward I. a perambulation was made of all forests in this country, in order to reduce them to their ancient lawful bounds. The bounds of the parish of North Petherton are thus described : " Beginning at a bridge called Ebbyne Brugge, and from thence run along a certain ditch by the skirts of a wood to a certain lake called Huntyngage, to a place called Joan Weye, and thence going along a certain duct between the King's demesne and the fee of Sabina Peche and John Heron, leaving on the right a moor called Leghe, up to Ebbyne Brugge, the place where the bounds first began. And jurors say that all the places on the right hand contained within the circuit of the bounds above mentioned is the King's Forest."

FINIS.



---

**ISAAC VINTEN,**

*Somerset House, Fore Street, Bridgwater,*

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

**TOBACCONIST,**

London, Birmingham & Sheffield

**Warehouseman & General Merchant.**



*A large Lot of WALKING STICKS always on hand.*

FISHING TACKLE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



**The Choicest, Cheapest, and Best Cigars.**

Ladies' & Gentlemen's Bags and Straps,

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, JEWELLERY,**

And all kinds of Fancy Goods.



*English and Foreign Baskets in Great Variety.*

N.B.—All Goods plainly marked at moderate prices.

DR. ROBERTS'S  
CELEBRATED OINTMENT,  
CALLED THE  
POOR MAN'S FRIEND,

Is confidently recommended to the public as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, for Ulcerated Sore Legs, (if of twenty year's standing), Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbutic Eruptions, and Pimples in the Face, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, &c.

*Sold in Pots at 1/1½, 2/9., 11/- and 22/- each.*

ALSO HIS

PILULÆ ANTISCROPHULÆ,

Confirmed by Sixty Years' experience to be without exception one of the best alterative medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood and assisting nature in all her operations. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient that may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet.

*Sold in Boxes at 1/1½d., 2/9., 4/6., 11/- & 22/- each.*

Sold by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOTT, at their Dispensary, BRIDPORT, by all respectable Medicine Vendors, and

*By E. T. PAGE, Fore St., Bridgwater.*



**L. T. TULL,**  
**BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,**  
FORE STREET, BRIDGWATER.

---

A LARGE STOCK OF NEW AND POPULAR

**BOOKS,**

Always on hand. 2d. in the 1s. discount for Cash.

---

**PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING**

*Of every description, in the best style, and at  
Lowest Prices.*

---

**COMMERCIAL STATIONERY, &c.**

Of all descriptions at London Prices.

**ACCOUNT BOOKS** ruled and bound to any pattern.

---

**MUSIC AT HALF-PRICE.**

---

**BAGATELLE BOARDS,**

Cricket Bats and Balls, Foot Balls, Lawn Tennis  
Racquets, Balls, &c.

NC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY



A 000 997 951 9

DA  
690  
B77P2  
1877

University of California  
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388  
Return this material to the library  
from which it was borrowed.

414 APR 13 1992

REC'D LD-URL

DEC 29 1993

BAGATELLE BOARDS,

Cricket, Bats, and Balls, Foot Balls, L. W.



JO SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY



A 000 997 95

DA  
690  
B77P2  
1877

Un